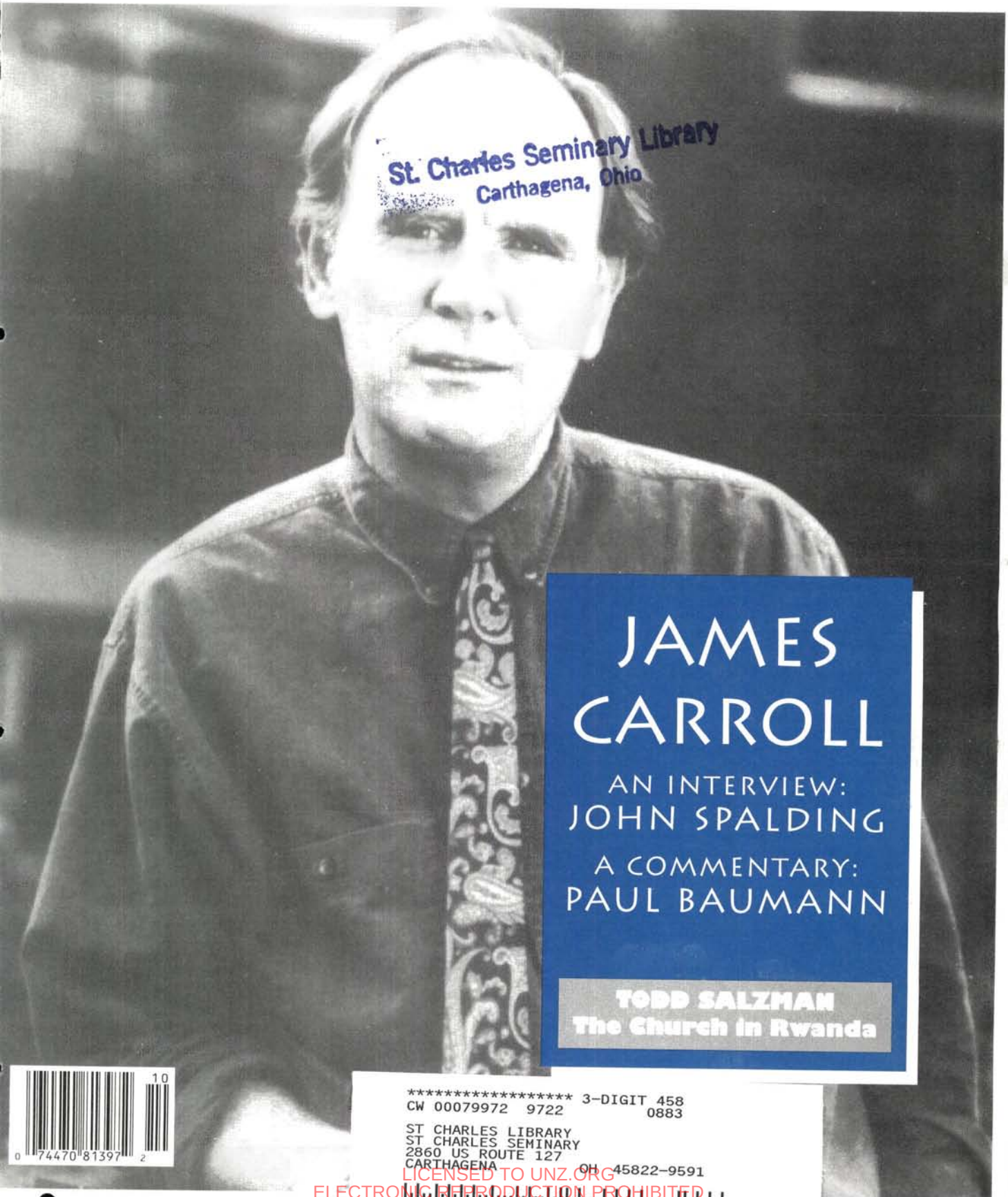
$2.25

May 23, 1997

# COMMONWEAL



St. Charles Seminary Library
Carthagena, Ohio

## JAMES CARROLL

AN INTERVIEW:
JOHN SPALDING

A COMMENTARY:
PAUL BAUMANN

**TODD SALZMAN**
**The Church in Rwanda**

********** 3-DIGIT 458
CW 00079972 9722 0883

ST CHARLES LIBRARY
ST CHARLES SEMINARY
2860 US ROUTE 127
CARTHAGENA OH 45822-9591

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## To the Editors

### Luther as landlord?

Though I am happy to renew my subscription to *Commonweal*, I want you to know that your proposed office move to 475 Riverside Drive [headquarters of the National Council of Churches] strikes me as a bad idea. I respect our Protestant brothers and sisters, but I don't see why a Catholic lay magazine should have them as its landlords, especially if you will be paying below-market rents. It will be much harder for you to disgree publicly with the mainline Protestant churches if you move into their building.

A strictly secular office building would be a better choice, perhaps two or three miles from Manhattan if the rents there are too high. If you can't afford a market rent anywhere, surely there must be some space available in one of the many large Catholic institutions around New York. It should certainly be easier to speak the truth on controversial issues from a building owned by the Catholic church than from one owned by or affiliated with Protestant churches.

FRANK E. HOWARD
*Washington, D.C.*

### The editors reply:

Not to worry. Fact is, *Commonweal* has been living with a Protestant landlord—the Collegiate Church Corporation, an arm of the Dutch Reformed Church—for eleven years, and has never felt pressure from this source to modify any of its opinions about anything. That won't change. As for finding space under a Catholic roof, we had one generous offer from a parish and another from a religious order, but neither space would have met our needs. We did think about moving out of Manhattan, but there was a commuting problem: Several staff members are married with children and working spouses, and we don't favor divorce, even for a great cause.

### Of many things

Some comments on your issue of April 11:

(1) David Carlin ["Taming the Big Bucks"] is indubitably right that no law, but only the practice of real democracy, will defeat the oligarchy that money creates. But the Supreme Court's ruling that putting limits on political contributions contravenes the First Amendment is simply perverse. The Constitution protects free speech, not simony, even if it buys not the office but access to the puppets elected with the help of simonists. At least some of the 51 percent of Americans who do not vote might be persuaded to do so if such manifest iniquity were curbed.

(2) Re: David McCabe's reconsidering of his vote for Bill Clinton ["Character Counts"]: Yes, Bill continues to disappoint. The sheer stupidity of his campaign practices boggles the mind. He was well ahead in the polls, so why besmirch his reputation anew, put his second term at risk, and cloud Gore's career with practices both questionable and not really necessary?

But what is one to say about Bob Dole, who hungered so badly for tobacco funds that he declared, on the Senate floor, as I recall, that there was no proven connection between cigarettes and cancer? And if Clinton's conduct with women may prove unseemly, the discarded spouses of the family-values claque, beginning with Dole and Newt Gingrich, might have a word to say about their ex-husbands' proclivities.

I suggest that we pray hard for candidates with character and even harder for an electorate that can recognize

*(Continued on page 4)*

**Business Manager:** *Commonweal* is looking for a new business manager, someone with promotion and business skills committed to working with a small staff and a limited budget to ensure the financial future of the magazine. Previous experience with a magazine, small business, or nonprofit organization is a plus.

The business manager will work with the staff on a wide variety of tasks. These include marketing and promotion, circulation, fund-raising, development, and general business matters, as well as supervising the business staff.

Interested applicants should send a résumé and a letter describing his or her suitability for the position and acquaintance, if any, with the magazine. Please include references and salary requirements. Four-day work week. Benefits. Readers are invited to join in our search by passing on this announcement or by letting us know of potential candidates.

Applications or suggestions should be sent to: Editor, *Commonweal*, 15 Dutch Street, #502, New York, N.Y. 10038.

**Production Editor:** *Commonweal* seeks a new production editor to begin work in mid-June. The position requires knowledge of word processing and page composition using Microsoft Word, QuarkXPress, Adobe Illustrator, and Adobe Photoshop for Macintosh. Familiarity with PCs, translating and archiving software, and networking is necessary. The production editor works closely with the editors, business manager, and graphics designer on a variety of production and promotion tasks. Among them: preparing copy, selecting illustrations, and creating promotional material. He or she should be organized, flexible, and able to handle details under deadline. Experience with printers helpful. Four-day work week. Benefits. Please send a cover letter, résumé, and samples of work projects to the Editor, *Commonweal*, 15 Dutch Street, #502, New York, N.Y. 10038.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOUNDED 1924

# COMMONWEAL

May 23, 1997 / Volume CXXIV, Number 10

## UPFRONT

**Correspondence** Commonweal's *move & content* 2

**Editorial** *Slow burn* 5

**Notebook** *Re: James Carroll*
Paul Baumann
*On the Holocaust, the church, and the* New Yorker. 6

### COLUMNISTS

**Honest differences**
John Garvey
*Should the Catholic church join the World Council of Churches? Sound advice from an Orthodox perspective.* 8

**Donohue's crusade**
David R. Carlin, Jr.
*Intellectual scorn for Catholicism is not the same as old-time bigotry.* 9

### SHORT TAKE

**Blair wins with style**
Bernard Bergonzi 10

## ARTICLES

**FATHER & SON, GOD & COUNTRY**
John D. Spalding
*James Carroll talks about his father, the church, and his award-winning memoir.* 12

**CATHOLICS & COLONIALISM**
Todd Salzman
*A missionary strategy failed—tragically—in Rwanda.* 17

### POETRY

**Hannah at Saint Patrick's Carnival**
Clyde Tressler 16

**Terrible Liberty**
Leonard Kress 18

## VERDICTS

### SCREEN

**Sling Blade**
Richard Alleva
*Not just another rave review.* 20

### ART

**The Glory of Byzantium**
Paul Elie
*Icons to the left, icons to the right—and even a few mosaics around the corner. A feast for the eye and soul at the Met.* 21

### BOOKS

**John Wayne's America**
*by Garry Wills*
Michael O. Garvey 23

**What It Means to Be a Libertarian**
*by Charles Murray*
Jean Bethke Elshtain 24

**Radical Son** *by David Horowitz*
Julia Vitullo-Martin 26

**The Order of Terror** *by Wolfgang Sofksy, translated by William Templer*
Alan Wolfe 28

### THE LAST WORD

**http:\\www.been_there.done_that**
Paul Ferris 31



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from page 2)

such candidates when they appear—McGovern and Dukakis for starters—and hardest of all that we may have sense enough to grant a second term to someone with as clear a claim to character as Jimmy Carter.

(3) I found "Green Eggs & Ham & God" [February 14] a charming comment on the difficulties inherent in raising children and pursuing one's spiritual life as well. Rose Sullivan [Correspondence, April 11] has a point when she suggests that parents try harder to control children during church services, but perhaps middle-aged couples and women with "bony, unsmiling knees" need also to remember that Mass is a communal act, and that even children are part of the community.

MARIAN BURKHART
*New York, N.Y.*

## Let them rave

I read Margaret O'Brien Steinfels's column, "The 'NCR' Accuses" [April 11], with great interest because of the press work I did for a recent national symposium on lesbian/gay issues and Catholicism. The New Ways Ministry symposium was held on the same weekend as the first meeting of the Common Ground Initiative.

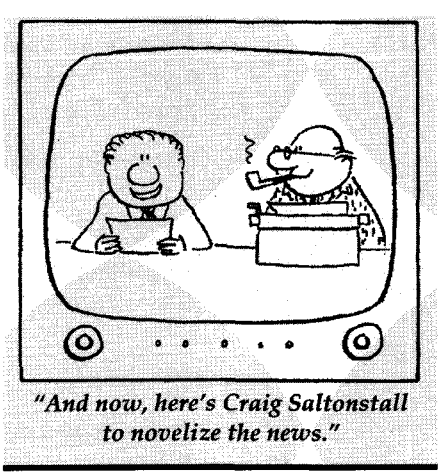
In planning the symposium, we struggled with the question of granting press credentials to *The Wanderer*. Past experience with *The Wanderer* led us to believe that it would not report the gathering objectively. Indeed, its advance story about the symposium was highly critical.

Criticism was not a problem for us. After twenty years of dealing with a sensitive and controversial issue, we do not shy away from criticism. We had invited a wide spectrum of Catholic, religious, and secular media representatives to attend. Our concern was for accuracy and balance in reporting, standards *The Wanderer* does not respect, as Ms. Steinfels's column acknowledges. This was a particular concern since a number of our speakers were Catholic academics whose careers could be damaged by misinformation and reckless reporting.

At our last symposium (1992), we had credentialed *The Wanderer*, and it published a distorted and accusatory account. For example, one detail in its description of the closing liturgy reported that the bishop-presider "busied himself talking to the altar boy." That statement, together with the accompanying photo, was filled with innuendo.

After much discussion among our staff, we decided to credential *The Wanderer* again this year. The concern that guided the matter for us was to live in a spirit of "common ground" and open dialogue. We were concerned that we would be legitimizing a news organization which, in our judgment, was neither reputable nor professional. From research, we discovered that *The Wanderer* is not a member of the Catholic Press Association (though it is listed in the CPA directory). The paper's reports this year were once again inaccurate, unbalanced, and inflammatory.

*The Wanderer*, in its reporting on many issues, far exceeds the limits of the "scrappy" mode of journalism, to which Ms. Steinfels's column alludes. Does an irresponsible voice ever deserve a place in the dialogue? I would suggest that *Commonweal* examine this and related questions in an article or series on the role of the Catholic press in church discussion.



***"And now, here's Craig Saltonstall to novelize the news."***

FRANCIS DeBERNARDO
*Mt. Rainier, Md.*

*The writer is executive director of New Ways Ministry.*

## The writer replies:

Readers will judge for themselves whether New Ways Ministry made the right decision in giving press credentials to *The Wanderer*.

Though I mention the possibility of misreporting in my "Notebook," that was not the reason the Common Ground Initiative held a meeting closed to the media. Rather the purpose was to allow members of a newly constituted group to speak openly and candidly with one another in the process of refining the group's aims.

MARGARET O'BRIEN STEINFELS

## Big bucks buy power

David R. Carlin, Jr.'s prescription for "Taming the Big Bucks" [April 11] of campaign finance is at best a placebo and at worst a diagnosis that blames the patient (the American electorate) for being sick. Our democracy cannot be restored unless and until the undue influence of money in the political process is curtailed.

To the extent that candidates for office are dependent on, and beholden to, the economic oligarchy for their election, our democracy is diminished. Voter turnout declines in lockstep with the rise in contributions from special interests. (Voters aren't stupid.) Furthermore, party loyalty has declined largely because candidates no longer rely on their party organizations for campaign funds.

A way must be found to limit campaign contributions and campaign spending, and to shorten our endless, mindless political campaigns. Otherwise, our vaunted "democracy" will be a word without meaning.

TONY DiSTEFANO
*Alexandria, Va.*

(Continued on page 30)



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**STAFF**

*Editor:* **Margaret O'Brien Steinfels**
*Executive Editor:* **Paul Baumann**
*Managing Editor:* **Patrick Jordan**
*Production Editor:* **Jacqueline Dowdell**
*Senior Writer:* **Robert G. Hoyt**
*Business Manager:* **Richard Haas**
*Poetry:* **Rosemary Deen**
*Design:* **Emil Antonucci**
*Screen:* **Richard Alleva**
*Media:* **Frank McConnell**
*Columnists:* **John Garvey, Abigail McCarthy, David R. Carlin, Jr., Sidney Callahan**
*Intern:* **Bernard G. Prusak**
*Staff:* **Harriette Balsky, Carmen P. Alava, Sandra Smith**
*Advertising Manager:* **Ruth E. Taylor**
*Publisher:* **Edward S. Skillin**

*Commonweal*, [ISSN 0010-3330] A Review of Public Affairs, Religion, Literature, and the Arts, is published biweekly except Christmas/New Year's; and monthly July and August, by Commonweal Foundation, 15 Dutch St., New York, NY, 10038. Telephone: (212) 732-0800. Display advertising correspondence should be sent to Ruth E. Taylor, 11 Graffam Rd., So. Portland, ME 04106 (207) 799-4387, classified advertising correspondence to 15 Dutch St. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Commonweal, 15 Dutch St. New York, NY 10038.

*Commonweal* is indexed in Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature, Catholic Periodical Index, Index of American Periodical Verse, Book Review Digest, and Book Review Index. Microfilm from Vol. 1, 1924, to current issues available through University Microfilm, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106 and on Microfiche from Bell & Howell, Wooster, OH 44691. *Commonweal* articles also are available at many libraries and research facilities on CD-ROM and in electronic data bases. Serials Data program No.: ISSN 0010-3330. Periodicals postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional offices. Copyright © 1997 Commonweal Foundation. Single Copy, $2.25. Yearly subscriptions, U.S., $44; Canada, $47; foreign, $50. Special two-year rate: U.S. $75; Canada, $81; foreign, $87. Annual rates for air-mail delivery outside U.S.: Western Hemisphere, $84; Europe, $89; other parts of the world, $99. All Canadian and foreign subscriptions must be paid in U.S. dollars by International Money Order or by check on a U.S. bank.

*Illustrations:* Cover photo, Patricia Pingree, courtesy Houghton Mifflin; cover design, Antonucci; pp. 2, 20, Baloo, Rothco; pp. 3, 10, Ross, Rothco; pp. 3, 22, The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York; pp. 17, Charlot; p. 11, Uluschak, Rothco; p. 12, Rita Corbin; p. 24, Wyatt, Rothco; p. 26, Schwadron, Rothco; pp. 28, 31, Valerry; columnist portraits, Elaine Mills.



# Slow burn

America's tobacco giants ($45 billion in sales last year) hit a major impasse last month. After years of tobacco's denials that smoking harms the public health, a federal appeals court concurred with the Federal Drug Administration that tobacco is an addictive drug subject to FDA regulation. Despite a recent industry victory in a major liability case, U.S. tobacco companies are newly and perhaps permanently on the defensive. Even some of the industry's vaunted political clout (Philip Morris and RJR Nabisco, the two largest cigarette makers, were first and third respectively in corporate contributions to political parties last year) has begun to lose its reach. And with a long series of liability trials coming up (tobacco spent $600 million in lawyers' fees alone last year), investors' confidence has begun to waver. Following an adverse judgment in a liability case against another company last year, in only one day Philip Morris lost nearly $12 billion in market value.

This is not the time for the public or the government to capitulate. Local, state, and federal officials should resist offers for premature group settlements (now being floated by tobacco executives) from an industry that for decades thumbed its nose at any suggestion of regulation while working to attract new generations to its deadly product.

Smoking kills 420,000 Americans a year (one in five deaths) and costs the country $50 billion annually in medical expenses. Tobacco affects not only the heart, lungs, circulation, and skin of smokers, but, according to the Environmental Protection Agency, actually contributes to the death of 15,000 nonsmokers yearly. While the number of smokers has declined slightly, some 61 million Americans will light up this month. That number will include thousands of new teen-age smokers, a group in which smoking is on the rise and a critical component in big tobacco's long-term profits: 90 percent of new smokers come from that group, and 70 percent of them, according to the American Cancer Society, will be hooked long-term.

The battle against big tobacco has been sluggish, underfunded, and full of political land mines. The industry is notorious for withholding and obfuscating facts. Its contempt for regulation has been remarkably resistant to even a minimal sense of social responsibility. As late as last month, Reynolds president Andrew Schindler testified in a court deposition that cigarettes are no more addictive than carrots. Politicians have been in tobacco's back pocket too long. As assembly speaker in California, Willie Brown accepted $200,000 over five years from tobacco companies. When asked why he had never attempted to curb cigarette smoking through legislation, he replied with unintended irony: "It's not my issue. I'm concerned with substance abuse." For his part, Newt Gingrich (R-Ga.) has called Dr. David Kessler—former head of the FDA, an architect of its antismoking policy, and tobacco's arch enemy—"a bully and a thug." While Congress spent a pitiful $1 million on an antismoking campaign in 1995, industry spent $5 billion in marketing.

Yet despite this marketing, public sentiment is increasingly turning against the cigarette industry. Attorneys general in more than fifteen states have filed suits against the industry to recoup state medical expenses. (In April, a Mississippi judge



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

denied an industry motion for dismissal that argued the companies had saved taxpayers money for long-term geriatric care.) In 1996, Bob Dole paid for his campaign remark that tobacco is not addictive. According to a recent Harris Poll, 90 percent of Americans now believe that (a) smoking is addictive, (b) smoking causes cancer, and (c) the tobacco companies know that it does. This new consciousness seems to be filtering through to juries as well as politicians. Possible monetary judgments against tobacco companies are causing the corporations to reassess their prospects in jury trials and to seek a major, preemptive settlement covering all past and future liability cases. But the attorneys general should resist a quick settlement. Before an agreement is concluded, the collusion of the tobacco giants in developing, marketing, and hiding the deadly nature of their addictive product should be given time to ripen in the public's mind.

In the meantime, tobacco products (cigarettes, cigars, pipe and chewing tobacco, and snuff) should be made more difficult to obtain. A fifty-cent tax hike per package of cigarettes could raise $12 billion a year for health costs and for government antismoking projects. (A $107-million campaign by the California Health Services Department in the early 1990s helped cut cigarette consumption in that state by 12 percent, according to *Business Week*, April 7.) Furthermore, such a price increase could help to reduce the number of young smokers by a projected 16 percent. In light of the Supreme Court's April 28 decision permitting restrictions on outdoor advertising for cigarettes, local ordinances should be enacted across the land. Socially minded investors can drop tobacco stocks from their portfolios. And the FDA should gradually reduce levels of tar, nicotine, and chemical additives, and insist that all cigarette ingredients be fully listed on packages.

A cloud is lifting in the tobacco wars. But it is not yet gone.

NOTEBOOK

*Paul Baumann*

# RE: JAMES CARROLL

## The Church & the Holocaust

James Carroll is a National Book Award winner, the author of nine novels, and a regular columnist for the *Boston Globe*. His record of antiwar activities, status as a laicized priest, and his sharp sense of regret over the failure of church reform have made him a public spokesman for a kind of Catholicism that many liberal American Catholics celebrate. I'm sure that readers will find much of interest in John Spalding's interview with Carroll that appears on page 12; I certainly did.

As that interview was being edited for publication, Carroll's lengthy essay, "The Silence," appeared in the *New Yorker* (April 7). In it, Carroll argues that papal claims of infallibility and Catholicism's insistence "upon the primacy of Jesus as a means of salvation" were the root causes of the Holocaust and that these are emerging as the sources of the "tragedy" of John Paul II's papacy. To publish Spalding's interview while remaining silent about "The Silence" would be, I think, irresponsible.

Carroll's essay is certainly artful; he knows how to set a scene and insinuate a connection among such things as anachronistic Vatican pageantry, the church's historical sins, and Catholicism's supposedly unreconstructed appetite for power. So when Carroll describes how the Vatican's "pantalooned Swiss Guards paraded past in helmets and red plumes, the razor edges of their pike blades flashing," or registers his discomfort listening to a choir singing *"Christus vincit! Christus regnat! Christus imperat!"* you are meant to feel vaguely menaced by the ghost of a militant church. Less impressionable readers may merely associate the Swiss Guard with the flying monkeys in the *Wizard of Oz*. And when Carroll ominously asks, "But who conquers? Who rules? Who commands?" it takes a slightly paranoid imagination to conjure up the sort of "religious imperialism" he obviously has in mind.

To be sure, Carroll does not lack imagination. He builds his indictment of the pope and the church on some very creative storytelling and associational thinking. "The Silence" ostensibly begins as a profile of John Paul, whom Carroll is surprised and embarrassed to hear lauded for bringing Catholicism and Judaism together. Invited to attend the Mass celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the pope's ordination, Carroll detects "a celebration of [the pope's] claim to infallibility," a "virus" he subsequently discovers under every Catholic bed and belief. From there it's back and forth between the "church in crisis"—the ordination of women, birth control, celibacy, that "theological Kissinger," Cardinal Joseph Ratzinger—and the incriminating history "of a bloody century."

Catholics who rightly prize much of Hans Küng's work may be surprised to find him trotted out by Carroll as a kind of pope-in-exile to pronounce infallibly that it "is no longer possible to say the Nazis were responsible without saying the church is co-responsible" for the Holocaust. Similarly, anyone familiar with the power and bureaucratic nature of Nazi totalitarianism will be perplexed to learn that, by providing "genealogical records" to the German state, the church played a "positive role," making it "among the perpetrators, 'or agents of destruction'" of the Nazi genocide. Carroll rehearses Pius XII's "silence" during the deportation of Jews from Rome. This leads him to the doctrine of infallibility and the way it prevents the church from accepting itself as a human institution prone to error. In defense of this doctrine, the church, and especially John Paul, remain "silent" about Catholic complicity in the Holocaust. Carroll connects this ongoing moral scandal to "absolutist" Catholic claims about Jesus: "Universalist claims" about Christ are a "source of brutality" that compel the church to make "devils out of those who beg to differ." This "demonization of the other," Carroll quotes the theologian Padraic O'Hare, "is the Holocaust."



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now there are at least three things wrong with this account. It is factually flawed. It is logically garbled. It is theologically incoherent. But worst of all, it finally trivializes the Holocaust, reducing it to another gambit to be played in intra-Catholic battles and intra-American culture wars. Where countless others have fallen silent before the enormity of the Nazi crime, Carroll pushes blindly on in pursuit of its "deeper" meaning. What he identifies as "absolutist" religious claims about Jesus thrive on "the diminishment of the other," Carroll explains, quoting O'Hare. The remedy—the answer to the Holocaust—is to "de-absolutize Christian claims." In short, Christ must become just one of many religious truths and ways. But all of this, I think, sounds suspiciously like an argument about the nature of authority in the church advanced in the guise of moral outrage over the Holocaust.

Carroll's insistence on relativizing all religious beliefs is of course an absolutist claim itself. But never mind; he is nothing if not aggrandizing in his reductionist fashion. Indeed, "The lesson of the Holocaust applies not only to Catholics, but to all believers," he solemnly announces. Has it occurred to Carroll that his itch to "de-absolutize" religion is incompatible with monotheism? Exactly what are Jews—God's chosen people—to make of Carroll's Holocaust "lesson"? That the Nazi genocide should put an end to traditional claims for the God of Israel?

Does Catholic absolutism really lie at the root of the greatest crime of this "bloody century"? Surely, it would be more accurate to say that the church's moral failure during the Holocaust lay in its eagerness to temporize, to equivocate, to tolerate the intolerable. For many, a little absolutism was precisely what was missing. Alfred Delp, S.J., a member of the German resistance, put it this way in 1943: "Has the church forgotten to say 'Thou shalt not,' has the church lost sight of the commandments, or is she silent because she is convinced of the hopelessness of her clear and firm preaching? Has the 'imprudence' of John the Baptist died out or has the church forgotten man and his fundamental rights?"

In accepting the Nazis as a legitimate secular authority, the church had indeed forgotten man and his fundamental rights—it had forgotten how to say "Thou Shalt Not" to the millions of Catholics who served or willfully cooperated with a murderous regime.

My objections to Carroll's essay are obviously not a defense of the church's indifference to the plight of the Jews under the Nazis, nor a denial of the long and inexcusable history of Christian anti-Semitism. Since I am married to the daughter of Holocaust survivors, I have had good reason to inform myself about Catholic anti-Semitism and the church's involvement with the Nazis. Carroll is correct that Christian anti-Semitism set the stage for the Nazis in many ways. But there are, I believe, crucial differences between religious anti-Semitism and racial anti-Semitism, and between Catholic dogmatism and Nazi totalitarianism. If you don't understand

**COMING**
June 20
***Summer Reading***

those differences—and Carroll seems not to—you risk minimizing what the Nazis actually did. Christian anti-Semitism, though traditionally advocating the legal and social disenfranchisement of the Jews, was not exterminationist. Indeed, during the Holocaust the church helped to save tens of thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands of Jews. Still, it is also true that in almost every instance the church was more intent on protecting its institutional interests and influence than in risking anything on behalf of the Nazis' defenseless victims. Extenuating circumstances can help explain the church's behavior, but cannot excuse it.

Indifference, a damning enough moral failure, is not willful complicity. In this regard, some of Carroll's most benighted errors cry out for correction. He attempts to buttress Küng's charge of "co-responsibility" with the help of Daniel Goldhagen, author of *Hitler's Willing Executioners* (1996). Goldhagen's book is quoted: "The foundational element of the Nuremberg Laws was the regime's capacity to distinguish and demonstrate the extent of a person's Jewish ancestry, to know who was a Jew. Enforcement therefore depended upon the use of the genealogical records in the possession of local churches." We are told that the Goldhagen text relies on the work of the historian Guenter Lewy, author of *The Catholic Church and Nazi Germany* (1964).

This characterization and use of Lewy's work did not sound right to me. I phoned him. A retired academic, Lewy, who escaped from Nazi Germany as a teen-ager, is no apologist for the Catholic church. I asked him if the presentation of his conclusions was accurate. Lewy said he had been surprised by how the material was used. After reading the *New Yorker* piece, he said, "I went to the book to check the quotes." The quotations were accurate. I asked Lewy if Carroll's assessment of Catholic culpability was misleading. "The whole impression is as if the church knew right early on. I think that's not the case. They did not know that," Lewy said. "The evidence does not support the conclusion that the German Catholic church actively worked at killing Jews....I think these were sins of omission, not commission."

Similarly misleading is Carroll's rendition of Pius XII's failure to protest publicly the deportation of Rome's Jews. Lewy and many others have noted that it is not clear that public protest would have helped rather than worsened the situation. The protest of the Dutch church over Jewish deportations in 1942 only intensified the Nazi roundup. Moreover, behind-the-scenes efforts by the Vatican evidently did halt the Rome deportations. Italy's Jewish population was far and away the best protected in Europe, thanks in some large part to the church.

Carroll's willingness to ignore these complications and



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

judge the church an active "agent of destruction" lets the Nazis off too easily, and all but blinds us to the impossible moral choices that faced those under Nazi occupation—choices that Holocaust survivors, at least in my experience, are often reluctant simply to condemn. My father-in-law, who hid out in both Poland and Germany for the duration of the war, did not put much stock in the moral pretensions of the Catholic church. But neither was he patient with speculation about how the Jews or the churches or "good" Germans should have resisted Hitler. As far as he was concerned, the only thing that ended the genocide was Germany's military collapse and unconditional surrender. Nothing else could have stopped Hitler. If you thought something else could, you simply didn't understand what it was like, he insisted.

Still, the question remains, and Carroll is right to ask it: Should the Vatican, which knew a great deal about the Nazi extermination program, have risked Nazi retaliation and spoken out forcefully? It seems obvious now that it should have. Among many other moral errors, in not speaking out the church betrayed its own ideals. Did that failure make the church a Holocaust "perpetrator"? A fair-minded reading of history cannot justify such a tendentious conclusion, especially considering how relatively powerless the Vatican was. Indeed, it is hard to shake the suspicion that Carroll has tailored his evidence to fit a preconceived judgment. Because the church hasn't revised its supposedly "absolutist" teachings on Carroll's pet concerns, he wants to leave the reader with the impression that nothing of fundamental significance has changed in the aftermath of the Holocaust. But that is nonsense. Whatever the subtleties or evasions entailed in the teaching on infallibility, it certainly hasn't stopped the church from changing—some say dramatically reversing itself. In large measure because of the Holocaust, the church's relationship to Judaism has been completely altered, and so has its long antagonism toward liberal democracy, human rights, and religious liberty. Moreover, this pope, perhaps more than any other, has consistently spoken out on behalf of the *absolute* dignity of all persons—and not merely in the name of the faithful or in pursuit of the church's own interests.

Whatever John Paul II's failings, to tar him with the crimes of the Nazis, or to use the Holocaust in a battle over, say, the ordination of women, is little more than demagoguery. It is the sort of meretricious provocation that perhaps could appear only in the new *New Yorker*. □

OF SEVERAL MINDS

**JOHN GARVEY**

## HONEST DIFFERENCES

### *When Communion impedes communion*

Not long ago Patriarch Bartholomeos of Constantinople invited the Roman Catholic church to join the World Council of Churches on the occasion of the WCC's fiftieth anniversary. Although Catholics have worked since Vatican II with WCC commissions, the Catholic church itself does not belong to the organization or to any of its national affiliates. Orthodox churches have been directly involved in the ecumenical movement from the very start, but in recent years there has been severe criticism of Orthodox ecumenical involvement, most of it coming from American Orthodox.

I am with the Orthodox—still the majority, I am convinced—who believe that Orthodox involvement with the WCC, the National Council of Churches, and other manifestations of the ecumenical movement is a good thing. But this involvement is not without its difficulties, and the Orthodox experience may be instructive.

One difficulty comes from differing visions of ecumenism and differing ways of understanding what it means to be a church. There is a kind of "common denominator" ecumenism that not only focuses on what we hold in common (a good approach), but considers those things that divide us to be unimportant or completely irrelevant (a bad approach). There is a conception of church which sees all churches as essentially equal, with any differences understood as matters of culture, preference, and history rather than as matters of substance.

Here Orthodox and Catholics share a common vision: We would agree that what divides us, from one another and from Protestantism, does indeed matter, and although history and culture have certainly played a part in our separation, so have matters of theological substance. Orthodoxy's participation in the ecumenical movement has always been predicated on the understanding that we do not regard Orthodox Christianity as one denomination among others; we believe ourselves to be the apostolic church, from which others have in different degrees separated themselves. At the same time, we know that we should work for as much unity as is possible between people who share the belief that Jesus is God's Word and our Lord.

These days this is considered "triumphalistic"—an "exclusive truth" claim. Of course Catholicism would have to make a similar claim, and of course so does the relativism that would counter all such claims. One reason the Catholic church has refrained from membership in the WCC is precisely because of the confusion that might result from belonging to an organization whose members understand "church" in so many, sometimes contradictory, ways.

Where this fragmented understanding becomes most apparent is in the disagreements we have over Communion. Orthodox canon law allows Communion only to Orthodox Christians. At WCC assemblies the Orthodox are asked to celebrate the Divine Liturgy, but then there



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are hurt feelings: Why can't everyone receive Communion? After all, the Anglican churches give Communion to everyone; so do most member churches, and so even do some Catholic priests—why won't the Orthodox?

One reason is that we are not in fact in communion, and the distribution of Communion is not the way to arrive at a common mind—and in fact could impede it, by making a shared understanding of what it means to be Christian less important than a symbolic but somewhat superficial sharing. To share in a symbolic way without engaging those important things that divide us is not to share seriously, but to seem as if we are one, when we are not; and truth is not served when *seeming* is equated with *being*. When someone who does not believe that the Lord is truly present in the bread and wine of the Eucharist but that this is done as a memorial service, receives next to someone who believes that the Lord is present, but only spiritually, and that person stands next to someone who believes that the Lord is truly present, but that true communion should involve being in communion with the bishop of Rome, what does this mean? Whatever it is, it is not communion. Communion is not only an individual experience of communion with the Lord, but communion with one another in a shared understanding of what the gathering means.

When the Lollards were persecuted for their denial of the Lord's presence in the Eucharist (and I am not defending their persecution, though they *were* wrong), they came up with a kind of jingle to respond to their persecutors: "He was the Word that spake it,/He took the bread and brake it,/ and what the Word doth make it,/I do believe and take it." This was a clever evasion, even reverent in its way, but it seems to be offered now as a formula for union. One defense of it is that the disciples themselves were terribly confused at the Last Supper, hardly aware of what they were witnessing, yet Jesus gave them the bread and wine.

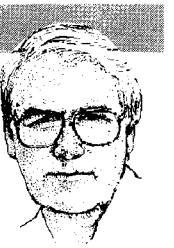
But the Eucharist is not simply a replication of that moment; we understand it after the Resurrection, after Pentecost, and from the beginning how one understood one's relationship to this act, and to the church which had this act at its center, mattered.

Some Orthodox tell those of us who believe ecumenism to be a good thing that we are wasting our time, at best, or encouraging confusion. I don't agree. For one thing, we have much to gain. At one practical level, it is a simple fact that the Oriental Orthodox churches (the Coptic, Syrian, Armenian, and Ethiopian churches—once called "non-Chalcedonian") and Eastern Orthodox churches have arrived at an important theological consensus precisely because the WCC made this kind of discussion possible and desirable. At another, equally important, level, we are called with other Christians to serve "the least of the brethren." Common Christian action to relieve the needs of the poor is a good thing, and the WCC has been involved in this.

Most of all, membership—even when it is complicated by disagreements over definitions of the church and questions regarding intercommunion—can be a witness to a kind of mourning: We should mourn the fact that we are not one. I would argue that, far from being "exclusivist," our refraining from a common chalice is a serious way of paying attention to that continuing sorrow. □

OF SEVERAL MINDS

**DAVID R. CARLIN, JR.**



## DONOHUE'S CRUSADE

### *Tilting at the wrong windmill*

One of the most entertaining characters on the current American Catholic scene is William A. Donohue, who heads the semiparanoid organization named The Catholic League for Religious and Civil Liberties.

Nature has endowed Mr. Donohue with a very sensitive nose, capable of sniffing anti-Catholicism on every tainted breeze. If some movie or TV program has a plot line that may be construed as anti-Catholic, you can be sure Donohue will promptly issue a press release anathematizing the offender.

The trouble with the Donohue nose, however, is that it fails to distinguish between two radically different phenomena that may both be given the "anti-Catholicism" label.

On the one hand there is *discriminatory anti-Catholicism*. This is the kind that tries to keep Catholics out of good jobs, schools, apartment buildings, social clubs, etc. Once upon a time this was quite common in the United States, though it seems rare nowadays.

On the other hand there is *philosophical anti-Catholicism*. This is the kind that considers the Catholic church to be the teacher of false doctrine and morality—and not only false but dangerously so.

Once upon a time this was widespread among Protestants mindful of their Reformation heritage, who considered Catholicism a perverted form of Christianity, presided over by a papacy that was symbolized in holy Scripture by the Whore of Babylon. Since liberal Protestantism has largely lost touch with its Reformation heritage, there is now little of this kind of thing found among liberal Protestants; but it continues to flourish at the fundamentalist end of the Protestant spectrum, where the Reformation still lives.

A very different variety of philosophical anti-Catholicism is common today among secularists. They are less likely to view Catholicism as a perverted form of Christianity, more likely to view it as a quite authentic form. But since they regard Christianity in general to be false and dangerous, this concession of authenticity hard-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ly gets Catholicism off the hook.

Now, given the rules of American pluralism, the discriminatory species of anti-Catholicism is taboo, but the philosophical species is legitimate. The rules say we mustn't discriminate against the other fellow on the basis of creed, but we're perfectly free to disagree with the creed itself, even to disagree strongly.

Here is where Donohue's nose goes wrong. It smells just as many bad odors in philosophical objections to Catholicism as in discriminatory objections to Catholics. It wants to establish a moral equivalence between the former and the latter. It would like the former to vanish just as thoroughly as the latter has.

I suppose it would be pleasant if no one ever had an unkind word to say about any idea, value, or institution that is dear to one's heart. Perhaps heaven is like that; and perhaps Mr. Donohue, in yearning for an America in which no one ever has a harsh thing to say about Catholicism, is yearning for heaven. Who can blame him for desiring heavenly peace and quiet? But the United States is not paradise, nor is it meant to be. It is meant to be an open society, in which people are free to argue for and against a wide range of ideas and values. And the rules are supposed to be the same for everybody: If, for example, secularists are not free to criticize Catholicism, then Catholics are not free to criticize secularism. In short, there is something un-American in Donohue's attempt to silence critics of Catholicism by labeling them bigots.

*"The local watchdog group to see you, sir."*

But Donohue isn't the first to play the un-American bigotry card. In fact, he's very much a late-comer to the game. For decades now we've all been in danger of being called "anti-Semitic" if we found fault with the government of Israel, or "racist" if we criticized affirmative action, or "sexist" if we disapproved of abortion, or "homophobic" if we considered homosexual conduct immoral, and so on.

We Americans commit intellectual errors with a perfectly good conscience, but we recoil from bigotry. Like John Wayne, we don't claim to be smart, but we do claim to be fair. So you can't silence us by threatening to expose our opinions as erroneous, but you can shut us up in a minute by redefining those opinions as forms of bigotry. It's the old political correctness game, and Donohue has decided Catholics ought to play it.

One trouble with his strategy is that, if it catches on among Catholics, it will make us look foolish in the eyes of our more sophisticated non-Catholic neighbors. "Just when political correctness is going out of fashion," they will say, "the Catholics, with their characteristic ineptitude at reading the signs of the times, have decided to jump on the bandwagon."

A more serious trouble is that the strategy may actually succeed. It may silence the philosophical opponents of Catholicism—especially the secularist critics, who are foes not so much of Catholicism in particular as of Christianity in general. But the silenced critics won't go away; the secularist section of the American nation is now too large and too influential for that to happen. Silenced, their criticism goes underground or takes more subtle forms. Instead of making an explicit, head-on attack on Christianity, it attacks indirectly, campaigning against traditional Christian moral rules and values.

The secularist critique takes the form of a conditional syllogism with the conclusion suppressed: "If Christianity is true, then so is its moral code. But its moral code is false. (Therefore Christianity is false.)"

Catholics, including many in the clergy, generally underestimate the strength of the anti-Christian element in contemporary American culture. If we are to defend the faith effectively, we have to see the enemy out in the open. It is not the least of the faults of the Donohue strategy that it encourages the foe to hide behind trees and bushes. □

*Bernard Bergonzi*

# BLAIR WINS WITH STYLE

## Report from Britain

Polling Day was Thursday, May 1. That evening my wife and I were sitting in an Indian restaurant across the road from the local Labour party headquarters. Through a window we watched the candidate, for whom we had voted earlier in the day, emerge with a party worker and set off jogging down the road. "It's a long wait for them," said my wife. "They've got to do something to pass the time and keep their spirits up. He can't get drunk, he's got to keep sober for the count." We didn't expect him to win; we live in Warwickshire, traditional Tory territory of small towns, rich countryside, and pretty villages, long represented in the House of Commons by a now septuagenarian knight. But we were wrong; when the result came through in the small hours of the morning, Sir Dudley had been defeated by the Labour man. And so it proved across the country, in a night which tumbled many records. The Labour party, with 419 MPs in a House of Commons of 660, has won the greatest victory in its history, surpassing its previous high-water mark at the 1945 election, and has the largest majority of any party for over sixty

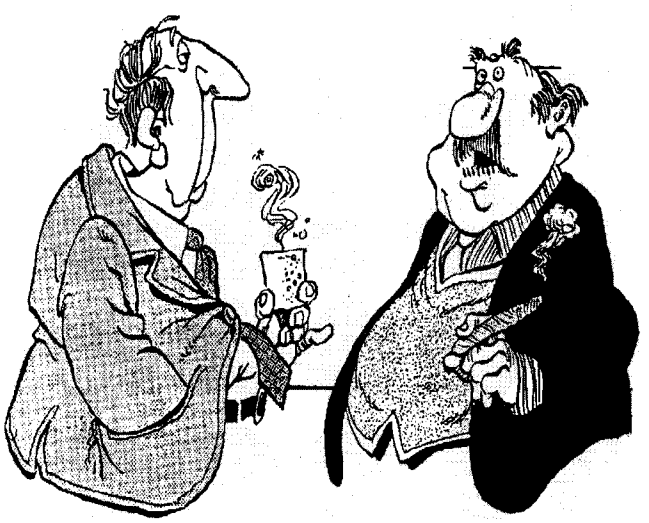


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

years. There are more women in Parliament—mostly on the Labour benches—than ever before. The Conservatives are down to 165, a quarter of the total, fewer than at any time since the great Liberal victory of 1906. And Tony Blair, taking office a few days before his forty-fourth birthday, is the youngest prime minister since 1812. It is an astonishing contrast to the state of Labour in 1992 when the party lost its fourth successive election, and serious doubts were expressed that it would ever get into office again.

It had, by British standards, been a long campaign. Although five years is the maximum life of a Parliament, the system permits the prime minister to dissolve it and call an election (or request the Queen to) at any time during the final year or so. John Major hung on to the very end in the mistaken hope that his prospects would improve, so there were six weeks of campaigning instead of the usual three or four. Like many people, I found it a depressing and—to borrow an expressive word from the old moralists—"disedifying" business, where the complexities of politics are reduced to sound bites and slogans, lies and semi-lies and misleading truths. Still, if that is the way modern elections have to be fought, then by general agreement the Labour party fought it very professionally, with a detailed battle plan run from a highly computerized headquarters in London, and an intense focus on the winnable target seats. American influence was evident, with tips picked up from Clinton's advisers; Blair's campaign plane was nicknamed *Blairforce One*.

But there was more style than substance about the Labour campaign. Its main aim was to avoid rocking the boat; for more than two years opinion polls had been showing a large Labour lead and the whole campaign was devoted to preserving it. So there was no passion and no controversy, merely the reiteration of a limited number of feasible aims and the avoidance of large promises. Labour party members went along with this to a remarkable degree and no one spoke out of turn, not even those left wingers who do not like Blair and detest what he has done to the party. This unity and discipline were in striking contrast to the Conservatives, who entered the campaign in a state of virtual civil war about attitudes to the European Monetary Union—not a matter of immediate concern to the average worker—which John Major was unable to quell.



***"I've been a Conservative all my life, but somehow it feels longer."***

Still, it takes more than technology and slick campaigning to win an election. Labour had the support of a large number of dedicated volunteers who were passionate for change; some of them now unexpectedly find themselves in Parliament, as they had agreed to run for what were thought of as safe Tory seats and then got elected, to their pleasure and astonishment and in some cases, I imagine, personal inconvenience. A change was expected but not this big a change, which was not so much a landslide as an earthquake that has altered the landscape of politics in Britain. For the Conservatives it was a night of unprecedented disaster. Several cabinet ministers lost their seats, including Foreign Secretary Malcolm Rifkind and the Secretary for Defense Michael Portillo, the latter an ambitious right winger with his sights firmly set on party leadership; his hopes were dashed by the voters. The Conservatives ended up with no seats in Scotland and Wales, and very few in the English cities; they are reduced to rural areas and the more prosperous suburbs. This is not the sort of thing that is meant to happen to the Conservative party, which has been in office for most of this century and whose prime aim is to hold onto power at all costs, acting quite ruthlessly in order to preserve it, as when Margaret Thatcher was seen to have become a liability and dropped. They'll be back, undoubtedly, but not for a while.

"Enough is enough!" was one Labour slogan, and the voters agreed, more emphatically than anyone suspected. Eighteen years is a long time in office, and the Conservative government was in a bad way, racked with division, afflicted by financial scandals, and weakly led. "Turn the rascals out!" is a proper political aim, and the voters were skillful in maximizing the anti-Tory vote, electing Liberal Democrats in forty-six seats, twice as many as they had before. But the election also points to an ideological shift, a reaction against the dominance of the market and the Social Darwinian attitudes that justify it, and a wish to see a fairer, more decent, and less divided society. This, certainly, is what Tony Blair wants. He is now the dominant figure in British politics. After his extraordinary success in transforming his party during the last three years, moving away from traditional socialism and a close association with organized labor to something more like the Christian Democratic ideal, he has won a stunning victory and gained an authority rare in a democratic leader. I don't envy him the dreadful burden of government, but he brings a hope of change. What a relief! ☐

**Bernard Bergonzi** *writes from England.*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# FATHER & SON, GOD & COUNTRY

## *An interview with James Carroll*

**John D. Spalding**

*Joseph and James Carroll were casualties of the Vietnam War—a father and a son who, like many of their respective generations, were torn apart by the battles that raged at home, forever divided in their clash of loyalties. In his haunting memoir,* An American Requiem: God, My Father, and the War that Came between Us *(Mariner Books/Houghton Mifflin, $12, 280 pp.), James Carroll tells the story of their struggle which revolved around fiercely different understandings of God and country, faith and honor.*

*Joseph Carroll was a reserved man, sure of his own authority and the system that had given him extraordinary success. He was an FBI agent who captured the notorious Chicago gangster Roger Touhy in 1942, and quickly rose to become a trusted member of J. Edgar Hoover's inner circle. At thirty-seven, he was commissioned as a general in the Air Force. Eventually, he became founding director of the Defense Intelligence Agency. His job: to pick bombing targets in Vietnam. Carroll senior had also been a seminarian who hoped James, the second of five sons, would pick up his abandoned calling to the priesthood.*

*When James entered Saint Paul's College, the Paulist Fathers' seminary, it was 1963, a period of ferment in the church, and soon he realized he was becoming what his father considered "the wrong kind of priest." He embraced reform theologians like Hans Küng, he supported Martin Luther King, Jr., and he protested the war. His father felt betrayed by Carroll's antiwar activity; Carroll criticized his father for not understanding his opposition. By 1969 they were no longer speaking.*

*The gulf between father and son deepened further when Carroll left the priesthood in 1975 to pursue another calling—as an author. Two years later he married the writer Alexandra Marshall, with whom he has two children. He has written nine novels, including* The City Below *and* Mortal Friends. An American Requiem *won a National Book Award in 1996.*

*Recently I met with Carroll in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where this spring he is a fellow at the Joan Shorenstein Center on the Press, Politics, and Public Policy at Harvard University's Kennedy School of Government. We discussed* An American Requiem, *"God, his father, and the war that came between them."*

■ JOHN SPALDING: You dedicated *An American Requiem* to your wife and your children. Tell us how they were a motivation for you to write it.

■ JAMES CARROLL: Neither my wife nor my children knew my father except as a senile old man who was incapable of relating to them personally. When I met my wife my father was already in decline, and by the time our children came along he was infantile. Once, my son, who was three or four—he's fifteen now—shrank back in fear from my father, and this was such a shock to me because I realized that he knew nothing of my father—what a great man he was and what a great life he'd lived. Nor did he understand really how ironic, and how tragic, the story of me and my father was. So it was very clear to me from that moment that I had to write this book.

■ SPALDING: You describe your father as a "fluent patriot" whose sense of himself, as a father and a general, depended on the survival of the world of hierarchy. "Defending it was his one real passion," you write, "his vocational calling, and his religious duty." What were the sources of his patriotism?

■ CARROLL: He was typical of that generation of the sons and daughters of immigrants who were both deeply grateful for what this country gave them and quite determined to establish their American identity. That was always a powerful motivating factor in my father's life. My mother never

**John D. Spalding**'s writing has appeared in the Christian Century and other magazines.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lost hold of her Irishness and loved carrying Irishness into our family life. My father didn't particularly do that. He was an American, and it had a religious aspect for him—it was a piece of this hierarchical world view he had which was ultimately a religious world view. With God at the top somehow. From an early age I understood my father's motto to be *Pro Deo et Patria*—church and country, twin loyalties. He was of the generation for whom it was inconceivable that [patriotism and religion] should ever be in conflict.

SPALDING: You wrote that your father thought Pope Paul VI's plea for peace before the United Nations in 1965 was naïve. He said that it's the pope's job to lay out general principles and that it's the job of those who are "in-the-know" to apply them.

■ CARROLL: Right. And of course he's showing his seminary education there, because epistemologically he's able to distinguish between theory and practice. And he's an expert in the world of practice. It's why there is this built-in irony of being Catholic. It's why we can have a radical rejection of contraception when the pope and bishops understand that every priest in the world goes into the confessional and has the authority to be pastoral in the confidential discussion with a penitent, saying "Our principle rules out contraception, but if in the practice of your life you find that impossible, then God is not going to judge you, and I am not going to judge you." So my father was basically applying that principle. And at one level it's a kind of wonderful, humane, wise realism, and at another it condemns us to a kind of inevitable dishonesty with each other that undercuts the integrity of not only the church but one's life. What is integrity if not a match between internal and external truth? And if the internal truth is "We don't accept this," but the external truth is, "Of course we accept this," then you've got a real problem. And that's built into the terrible mistake the church has made in our lifetime on all these sexual matters, I think. So there it was, right there. My father and I—the conflict gets joined.

SPALDING: How so?

■ CARROLL: It's a wonderful irony of our relationship that the person who had first joined it for us was, of all people, Pope John XXIII, who begins to raise questions in his encyclicals about basic assumptions of American policy. *Pacem in terris* raises the question whether nuclear weapons could ever be used in a just war, which is the question that no one could ever answer in those years in America. We don't ask that question any more, but we should. We still have a huge nuclear arsenal, and whatever justification there was for it during the cold war is gone. It's as if it isn't there, but it is there, and we're still spending billions of dollars to maintain it, to improve it. Whoa! Wait a minute. Where's the disconnect here?

SPALDING: Your father originally intended to become a priest.

■ CARROLL: Yes. He went to seminary at age thirteen, and left at twenty-five with a superb education. And if he hadn't gone to seminary he'd have been a worker in the stockyards.

SPALDING: So it was a great risk for him to leave...

■ CARROLL: A huge psychological risk. His decision was always a mystery to me as a young man. And when I was a priest, and later found myself contemplating the decision to leave the priesthood, this mystery at the center of my father's life became paramount to me though, as you know from the book, we never had a satisfactory, honest discussion about it. I'd say this was because my father could never honestly confront it himself. It was too loaded, too painful, and I think he felt too guilty about it. The only fully honest moment we had about this was a totally nonverbal one after I was ordained—I blessed him and had my hands on his head, and he burst into tears. And I understood what he was telling me.

SPALDING: Which was what?

■ CARROLL: Well, this was in February of '69, and by then his life as a general is already in ruins. I don't know this at the time. Nixon has just become president, and Nixon, Laird, and Kissinger have just reiterated that they will not lose this war. The people who created the war—my father's generation of colleagues, McNamara's people—are all gone. And 30,000 more Americans are going to die. It's a disastrous moment in my father's life. My assumption at the time was that he was weeping because of me. But looking back on it, I think he had so much more to weep about. By then I'm sure he felt, as many of those military people felt, that he was in a terrible trap. They knew they were losing the war and that the only way to win was to use nuclear weapons, which he wasn't going to be part of. And sure enough Laird and Kissinger and Nixon embraced the illusion that we somehow might be able to pull this thing out, so they spent 30,000 American lives, another million Vietnamese lives, and six more years. Those are the years that destroyed this country for our generation.

SPALDING: Yet your father never said anything publicly against the war, as none of the generals did.

■ CARROLL: No. And they never have, really. The closest anyone has come to saying anything was McNamara in his memoir, *In Retrospect*, which is a deeply flawed attempt to confront these questions, though I give him credit for attempting it.

SPALDING: How did you spend time with your father growing up?

■ CARROLL: Mostly playing golf. He was a great golfer, and it was his one recreation. As a youngster I took pleasure in being his caddie, and then as a teen-ager I took up the game and he became my instructor. Which was true hell—true hell! Even today, whenever I swing a club, I can hear this voice in my head, "Don't bend your elbow!" "Drag the golf head!" "Slow up." "Head down, you lifted your head up!" And every time I swing I know what I did wrong even before I see what the ball does, because I can hear my father's voice.

SPALDING: When did you first want to become a priest?

■ CARROLL: As a young child I was naturally religious, and by that I mean I felt at home at Mass and in church. I



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was an altar boy, and I can still remember the feeling of tranquillity and blessedness on those early mornings before serving six o'clock Mass with the monsignor. I took great pleasure in being close to the altar and watching the Eucharist. And the Eucharist is still the place where I draw the most solace in my life. It's a kind of centering act for me. And because the priest presided over the world of those feelings it seemed very natural to me to be drawn to the priesthood.

I was not dragged into it kicking and screaming. But going through high school and coming of age sexually and discovering the pleasures of girls and life in the world—all of that did set up a conflict for me, and I realized that to become a priest I really had to say no to something. But I did it consciously, freely, and I wouldn't want to be understood as claiming there was a lack of freedom in my decision to become a priest. I'd still be a priest today if the reforms of Vatican II had taken and if the church of John XXIII had become what it was in the process of becoming. It was the failure of the reform movement that undercut my ability to be a priest.

SPALDING: It was your parents' great wish that you would become a priest, and at times they encouraged you indirectly. Such as when you were fifteen and first met Cardinal Spellman at your home, and your parents had told him privately that you were destined for the priesthood...

■ CARROLL: [*Laughing*] Yes, and Cardinal Spellman put his hand on my shoulder and said, "I want to ordain you." And the love of the priesthood was vivid in my family life; my mother was devoted to it, and there were often priests around the house, especially in the military. These young chaplains regarded our house as a second home. And see, once I saw chaplains I was really lost because they were masculine. There was something disturbingly effete about some of the parish priests back home. But military chaplains, with their ID bracelets, their crew cuts, their fast cars, their robust physiques, all of that—you could be a man and a priest both. It was irresistible!

SPALDING: Your ordination service at Bolling Air Force base in Washington, D.C., was attended by several Air Force generals, including your father, who were involved with orchestrating the Vietnam War. In your sermon you referred to Ezekiel's "valley of dry bones" and asked, "Can these bones live? Dried and burned by time, and by desert wind, by the sun, and most of all by napalm." After the service you viewed this reference to the war as self-indulgent and an act of cowardice because you felt you'd merely infuriated your father. Years later you realized it wasn't cowardice. How had your feelings changed?

■ CARROLL: Well, I was so unforgiving of myself. This was 1969, very late in the history of the war, and I had not openly confronted my father about it—even though he knew I was opposed to the war, even though we'd argued about Phil Berrigan, even though I had participated in demonstrations outside his office at the Pentagon. We'd simply stopped talking to each other, and I'd never really declared myself publicly. Yet it was impossible for me to be at Bolling, in that season, and to give my first sermon as a priest without somehow, somehow letting him know, letting them all know, that no, not for one minute did I accept this thing. Given how strongly I felt at the time, and how clearly wrong the war was by then, and how Nixon and Laird were continuing it—one mere little reference to napalm seemed awfully weak to me. I was appalled that that was the most I could do!

SPALDING: How did your mother respond?

■ CARROLL: She was heartbroken by the whole thing.

SPALDING: You didn't write as much about your relationship with your mother. You say that when you left the priesthood her unspoken question was, "How does the mother of an ex-priest get to heaven?" How did she react to your decision?

■ CARROLL: She was a woman who found a way to affirm all of us, even when she wildly disapproved of what we were doing. So even though I knew I'd hurt her, there was never any doubt in my mind she would be at my wedding, which she was. My father wasn't. The reason he stated was because I had not been properly dispensed from my vows. It came through afterwards. But because I decided not to wait for that, he couldn't in conscience come to my wedding. Obviously that was merely a pretext. My mother was just a very loving woman. She is why we stayed together as a family. This is not a family that disintegrated. Even though there was a lot of antagonism and conflict, we were intensely involved with each other right to the end.

SPALDING: One of the things that sealed your decision to become a priest was meeting John XXIII. Explain.

■ CARROLL: I was raised in the Irish church, which is antisensual. The Italian church is very sensual. And so I was prepared for the visit with Pope John by our visit to Rome, and the grandeur of Rome and the grandeur of Saint Peter's, and the magnificent art. Even an uneducated and unsophisticated youngster like me could not stand in the presence of the *Pietá* and be unmoved by it. And one of the things that's interesting about the *Pietá*, of course, is how young Mary is. It's the adult Jesus, thirty-three years old, in the arms of his mother at age fourteen. And to be a teen-age boy looking at that statue—it's subliminal! I didn't know this at the time—but why is this so moving to me? It's like she's my girlfriend—she's beautiful, like my girlfriend! She's not somebody's mother. She's somebody's girlfriend. Jesus is in the arms of somebody's girlfriend! Subliminally, it's fantastic. Deeply sensual. So there are doors opening in my subconscious all over the place. And you see I'm seventeen years old, and I've just come alive sexually, and I've just come alive to all this stuff, and I want it! And I'm at Saint Peter's, and what is Saint Peter's a celebration of? It's a celebration of this very thing. It's not Irish Jansenism, that's for sure.

And then to be in the presence of the pope, which is already a profoundly physical, sensual experience. And these were the days before we used to hug each other. I mean hugging today, everybody hugs—"I love you, man!" But the pope hugged me. The pope hugged me, and he spoke to me. I didn't



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

understand a word he said, and I wasn't even sure if he had spoken English. But he hugged me, and I leapt instantly to the idea that this was God. I felt that it was a fulfillment of my religious wish.

SPALDING: You write that it wasn't until you met the pope that you believed in God.

■ CARROLL: That's right, in the sense that I'd spent my life taking in my parents' God or the church's God, but suddenly, with him, it became personal to me. And I believed in God. I realized that after all that kneeling in the early morning shadows of the first Mass, and after a lifetime of religious sensibility, that it was mine, and that I'd been in flight from it. Trying to have a girlfriend, trying to be in the Air Force, trying to think of another way to live. And it was with Pope John that I felt a very contented sense that this was meant for me. It was a religious experience in the way that the church wants to be for people.

SPALDING: The other key to your decision to become a priest was when your father told you, in 1961, that he believed nuclear war was inevitable.

■ CARROLL: This was again a physical experience for me, but it was about fear. It was a foretaste of death, and there is nothing like a foretaste of death to put us in touch with the religious question, since, after all, religion comes to human beings out of the foretaste of death. Religion is basically an answer to the question, "What happens to us when we die?" And my father had this palpable sense of the coming nuclear war. Remember, this was during the Berlin crisis when it seemed sure that the world was going to end. And, of course, the world is going to end; it may not end in a nuclear exchange, but it is going to end. And that became very palpable to me—another kind of religious experience. I'd already decided for myself, in some way, that I was going to become a priest, but that's when I actually told my father for the first time.

***"The relationship between me and my father is an open wound—that's all."***

SPALDING: What was his reaction?

■ CARROLL: He was pleased. Quietly, proudly pleased.

SPALDING: You say you were transformed by your experience with the Paulists in three ways: personal, religious, and political.

■ CARROLL: Personal—well, there were a number of things about that. One was the experience of friendship and community, and to discover that my own impulses and intuitions were trustworthy. Related to that, of course, is the religious transformation, which is about learning that the basic word God has to us is about trust. Trust in your life. It's a way of saying, "Trust me, God your father." The key to the revolution for me was the discovery that for Jesus, God was Abba, the father, which of course was potent for me because I'm already deeply, if unconsciously, engaged in the struggle to understand God as father in relation to my own father. So to discover that Jesus had gone through his version of this very same experience made Jesus a friend forever. Really, like a brother. He felt very trustworthy to me. And you can't have an experience like that without wanting to talk about it with somebody, which is what the ministry is about. So it really did confirm my wish to be a priest.

Of course, all of this is clothed in the sixties' language of politics. Not unrelated is the fact that I'm also hearing the same messages from that great preacher of the word, Martin Luther King, Jr., who shows me what the ministry means—that it's a political calling. Which was news to me. Good news, because I was already politically awakened. John Kennedy had addressed himself to me and had invited me to be politically engaged, and I wanted to be. In the old days, to enter the church was to turn your back on political engagement. But what Martin Luther King was saying, and ultimately what Daniel Berrigan and others were saying, was, "No, no, to be in the church is by definition to be politically engaged." Thrilling! Happiness itself! The grief I felt for the loss of John Kennedy in 1963 and Martin Luther King and Bobby Kennedy in '68 was in the context of just as powerful a happiness to be part of this movement which was partly about the Vatican Council and Pope John, partly about civil rights and Martin Luther King, partly about the peace movement and Daniel Berrigan. It was really glorious. And then to be ordained and come to Boston University as a chaplain where my job was to talk about these very things to kids who were desperate to have a language for what they were going through! And I had the language. I knew the words. I'd been through it myself just a little bit ahead of them. I knew how to talk about the politics. I knew how to talk about the personal and the religious. And it was great. Being a priest in those years was heavenly.

SPALDING: When did Daniel Berrigan become an influence on you?

■ CARROLL: Dan was a powerful influence on me first as a poet, before he became famous as an antiwar activist. I wanted to be a priest who was also a poet, and the one really first-rate poet who was a priest was Daniel Berrigan. So it came as a bit of a surprise to me to find him on the front rank of the war protest. I paid acute attention to him and read everything he wrote. He was central to the American Catholic transformation of our understanding not just of the war but of our place in society. More than any other person he broke that connection between *Deo* and *patria*, and invited the reverse of it—that if you really are committed to God then you have to question your country. And I did not come to that easily or quickly. It took me a long time. It was a source of enormous happiness to finally encounter Dan Berrigan and even to discover him as a friend, which I did in the seventies. He was of tremendous importance to me, and I still admire him enormously. I'm sure he'll live



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in history as a great Catholic figure in this country.

SPALDING: You write that the end of the war diminished your reason for being a priest.

■ CARROLL: My priesthood had come to be defined in relationship to the war, especially because I was a campus minister at a very antiwar university. But more to the point, the war had undercut my ability to claim a place in that hierarchical world, because to oppose the war was to step outside of it and say no to it. And it didn't matter whether the top of that hierarchy was Henry Kissinger or Pope Paul VI or Cardinal Medeiros [archbishop of Boston]. As long as the war continued, I would get up every day and do my modest part in the effort to end it. Once the war ended, it was like, "Now what?" And the answer to "Now what?" was to go back into the hierarchical world and behave. Not that I'm a misbehaver. Constitutionally, I'm a good citizen. I'm not a rebel at all—I mean, here I am in my blazer. But I could not go back into that hierarchy and behave in religious terms, because by then the movement to renew the church had failed. I know that's controversial, and I'm sure some readers of *Commonweal* would disagree with me, but that's how I experienced it. There was no question of my not being a Catholic, or a Christian believer, but I couldn't serve the hierarchical structure of the church any more as a priest exactly because I could no longer keep that secret—"Oh yes, I accept the authority of the church. But, between us, you don't have to accept the church's teaching on birth control." I couldn't do that any more.

SPALDING: What was the most difficult part about writing *An American Requiem*?

■ CARROLL: It wasn't difficult in the usual sense. I've written lots of books, and they're all difficult. But I was quite concerned that I would be intruding on the privacy of my brothers because two of them are involved in the story intimately. Especially Dennis, who was a draft resister, and Brian, who was an FBI agent. And yet I couldn't tell my story without telling at least an important part of their story. So I wrote it, and of course I sent them the manuscript and then held my breath. If they'd said, "This is my story and you can't tell it," it would have been a crisis. I don't know what I would have done. I can't imagine I would have published a book they would have found wounding. But as it happened they didn't react that way.

SPALDING: Did writing this book give you a sense of closure?

■ CARROLL: No, it didn't. It was just unfinished business. My father's senility took him away from me before we could do that. I've simply finished the business as best I can with the rest of my life and other relationships. The relationship between me and my father is an open wound—that's all.

SPALDING: What do you think your father would have thought about *An American Requiem*?

■ CARROLL: He would have been offended by the violation of his privacy, certainly. But if we set aside that question, I think he would have found it to be the truth. The truth of his own experience and the tragedy of it, really. And what was that experience? A young man trying only to do the right thing, the good thing, in response to an urge from some place he doesn't know. He doesn't do it—he doesn't become a priest. And that's the same thing that ends his career—trying to do the right thing as a patriotic officer [he'd refused to back the Nixon administration's push to build antiballistic missiles]. There's some response in him that doesn't let him do it, and he refuses, because he realizes that if we don't change the way we resolve conflict in the era of mass weapons then the human race is finished. That's the basic condition of the pacifist impulse from the nuclear age, and my dad got it. I want my children to know that.

And if there's a tragedy in all this it's that my father raised a son who is exactly like him but that we never recognized each other as such. He thought I was so unlike him. And yet my rejection of the war was exactly what he raised me to do. And I would hope that he'd have read the book and recognized that. I'd like to think he would have, and that he would have realized that, in the end, we were together.

Of course, the main thing the book did for me was give me a way to look at his life, not judgmentally but respectfully. □

*Clyde Tressler*

## Hannah at Saint Patrick's Carnival

In May the carnival appears as if
the mud ferments a cotton candy spore
to spawn the riding children, bright and stiff.
And Hannah holding tight the spinning floor
of spring replants the lights, the Whip she will
not ride, the Ferris Wheel that stops above
the darkened trees. Unhorsed, I feel the thrill
her face contains and look to catch the love
of horses in her eyes. The coursers turn
to whirl her slipping profile out of reach.
Like circled beasts that undulate and burn
with fiery images and broken speech,
the season's animals release their seed.
Head on, I flinch; going, I feel their speed.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# CATHOLICS & COLONIALISM

## *The church's failure in Rwanda*

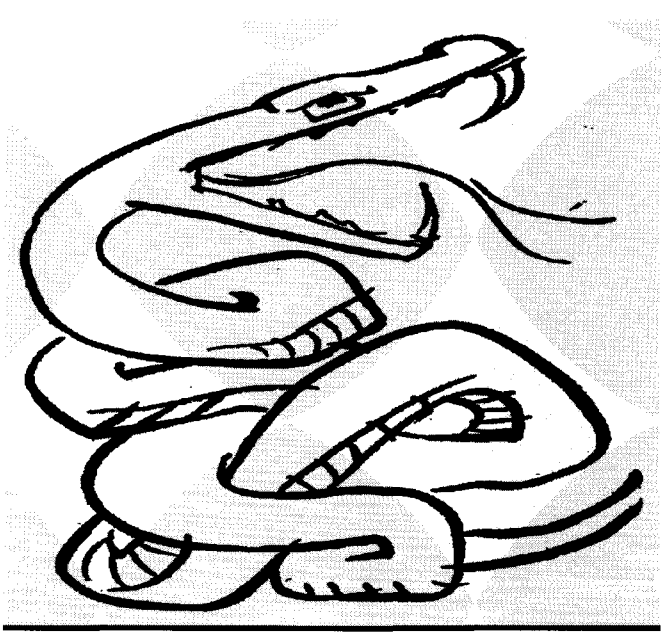
**Todd Salzman**

On April 6, 1994, two ground-to-air missiles struck the jet carrying Presidents Juvenal Habyarimana of Rwanda and Cyprien Ntaryamira of Burundi. All on board were killed. Within hours, a killing rampage erupted in Rwanda that, over the next three months, would leave between half a million and a million dead. It is by no means insignificant that some of the first victims were Catholic priests, lay workers, and young retreatants at the *Centre Christus* in Kigali, Rwanda, and that attacks on the church continued throughout the massacres. Startingly, a majority of the killings in the genocide even took place *within* church buildings: Hutu militia turned these traditional places of refuge into mass Tutsi graves; the buildings were also frequently desecrated. As a result, analyses initially focused on a persecuted church. But since approximately 90 percent of the Rwandan population is Christian—Tutsi and Hutu alike—the focus has turned to the question of a church of persecutors.

Clearly, many Christians participated in the massacres. There were also, however, many priests, nuns, and lay people who risked their lives or died protecting those in danger. The church, therefore, was one of both saints and sinners. But did it sin more than it was sinned against? It is my contention that, in Rwanda, ethnicity—and not Christianity—was the principal factor driving the killings. But the church was guilty of complicity whenever it sharpened ethnic division through educational bias or political preference for a clearly racist regime, or remained silent before clear discrimination and violations of social justice. Perhaps what the Rwandan genocide calls most into question concerning the role of the church is its method of evangelization and the ethnic divisions it hardened and perpetuated. This complicity made it a target for disdain and retribution.

The evolution of ethnicity and the distinction between Hutu and Tutsi is a central factor of Rwandan history and was the predominant impetus for the genocide. These divisions, however, were not entrenched in precolonial Rwandan society. The earliest observers recognized two predominant groups, the cattle-owning Tutsi and the farming Hutu. Although these two groups shared the same language and culture, the Tutsi were considered the elite in Rwandan society, as cattle were a sign of wealth. The minority Tutsi, who arrived in present-day Rwanda around the thirteenth century, gradually established monarchical control over the majority Hutu. But to preserve the peace, certain Hutu were allowed to function within the monarchy. Strict differentiation along ethnic lines developed only after the arrival of German and Belgian colonialists in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

The colonialists justified and consolidated the rule of the Tutsi elite; they did not create the distinction between Hutu and Tutsi, but aggravated it. Following the defeat of Germany in World War I, the League of Nations gave Rwanda to Belgium as a "gift" to administer. Belgium decided upon a policy of indirect rule and favored the Tutsi—taller, thinner, and lighter in color—over the Hutu. The Belgians centralized power in a single chief and gave the Tutsi control of the judicial system. As a result, the majority Hutu were excluded from participation in Rwandan politics. The ideology supporting this ethnic differentiation was that certain races were born to rule whereas others were born to be ruled. Known as the "Hamitic theory," it was based on a tradition of Old Testament exegesis identifying the descendants of Ham—Noah's son cursed for his sinfulness—as dark-skinned Africans. The "Hamitic theory" was originally used to justify slavery and racism against all blacks, but revised to justify favoritism by the colonial powers—and the church—of



**Todd Salzman** *is visiting assistant professor of theology and religious studies at the University of San Diego.*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*Leonard Kress*

## Terrible Liberty

Though not a scene
like Goya's *Third of May*,
Goya may have seen
something like this
and executed it:
These men and women
lined up against the bricks,
wire-brushed and acid
rubbed and pointed,
after their daily fix
of methadone.

The whole rest of the day
they stand transfixed,
unfiltered cigarettes
firing
in arms like pistons on a single
straight-six camshaft
in constant purring idle.
Their secret maws roil
like unfixed strays
or unborns
churning up their mothers' bellies.
They stand protected
on the corner, from cars and crowds,
only the hours
make them hunker down
with no Napoleonic Wars
or sorrows
in sight.

This scene from my bedroom bivouac
clear as through crosshairs
in a rifle scope.
Like the one I passed by earlier,
barely
a block away,
dressed in THE SHOOTER SHOP's
plate-glass display:
propped on unexploded
shells,
amid more souvenirs
from Vietnam.

the lighter-skinned Tutsi. They were cast as divinely instituted rulers.

The first missionaries of Africa, the White Fathers, had arrived to a lukewarm welcome in Nyanza, Rwanda, in 1900. The Tutsi chiefs and policy makers were agreed that the missionaries should be limited to interaction with the Hutu; in fact, not until the mid-1920s did a single member of the ruling Tutsi class convert, and the early converts to Christianity were predominantly Hutu peasants. But this process of evangelization went against the White Fathers' mandate to evangelize from the top down—to convert the purportedly superior Tutsi first. For the Catholic missionaries, this top-down approach was the typical method of evangelization; that it did not work in Rwanda was a frustration and a challenge.

Initially, the Tutsi perceived the missionaries as a threat to their established power. In 1907, however, this perception began to shift with the arrival in Rwanda of White Father Leon Classe, a staunch advocate of the hierarchical method of evangelization. Classe believed that the success of the Rwandan mission depended upon the conversion of the Tutsi; though he did not oppose Hutu advancement *per se*, in his stance for a Tutsi-led church he applied the "Hamitic theory" to theology. When tensions arose within the mission itself over its responsibilities, Classe's argument was decisive: "You must choose the [Tutsi]...because the government will probably refuse [Hutu] teachers....In the government the positions in every branch of the administration, even the unimportant ones, will be reserved henceforth for young [Tutsi]." Classe's statement foreshadows the marriage between church and state that was destined to aggravate growing ethnic divisions in Rwanda. The means of bringing about this marriage was, principally, education.

Prior to Classe's arrival, the White Fathers had resigned themselves to establishing an indigenous Hutu church—a goal which required educated clergy. But though there were Hutu ordinations, the vast majority of candidates abandoned the seminaries. With their education, however, many Hutu were able to attain positions as teachers and administrators within the colonial system, thus upsetting the social hierarchy and legitimating Tutsi suspicion of the missions. This might have been the legacy—or the end—of Christianity in Rwanda; but the conversion and enthronement of Tutsi King Mutara Rudahigwa as Mutara III in 1931 quelled social instability and set church and state on another course.

Rudahigwa's conversion sparked *la tornade*, the rush of Tutsi converts to Christianity. With his conversion, conditions turned favorable for evangelization through the chiefs to the masses. Rwanda's social structure was conducive to this method: Once the leaders converted, there was social pressure for the masses to convert as well. As the sociologist Ian Linden has noted, "[I]n a remarkable way, Catholicism became 'traditional' the moment the Tutsi were baptized in large numbers." And not only did it become traditional, but



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it also became the state religion. In a short period of time the Hutu-Catholic church of the poor became the Tutsi-Catholic church of the ruling elite.

As a consequence of this state of affairs, many of the converts were ill-prepared and drawn into the church for questionable motives such as social and economic benefits. The Catholic church took control of education in the 1930s and exercised a clear bias for the Tutsi, who thereby acquired a monopoly on positions of authority and control, not only in industry but in the political bureaucracy as well. The sociologist Catherine Newbury has affirmed that this educational policy resulted in "clear discrimination against Hutu in most of Rwanda's Catholic mission schools." The alliance between church and state "introduced a more marked stratification between ethnic groups than had existed in the past. And as stratification was intensified, ethnic distinctions were sharpened." The mission schools' bias in favor of the Tutsi against the Hutu—sometimes even minimal height levels were enforced—was a major factor in hardening ethnic divisions and spurring resentment.

The Tutsi church-state alliance started to come apart after World War II, when colonial political and religious support for the Tutsi was gradually transferred to the Hutu. Several factors account for this shift. First, Belgium's exploitation of Rwanda during the war generated anticolonialist sentiment, and the empowered Tutsi began to rail at their colonial yoke. Because of the alliance between church and state, the church was also implicated in this discontent. Second, the champion of a Tutsi-dominated church, Father Classe, died in 1945. (According to the historian Gérard Prunier, Classe was "almost a national monument" for his influence on Rwandan politics.) He was replaced by the White Father Laurent Deprimoz, who began to address the divisive nature of ethnicity within the Rwandan church. Perhaps inevitably, however, Deprimoz's efforts backfired and only made these divisions more strident. Third, the number of indigenous clergy, the majority of whom were Tutsi, came to equal the number of European clergy, and a struggle broke out for control of the church. The imbalance of power between the White Fathers and indigenous clergy caused no little resentment among the latter. This struggle was intensified by new Belgian missionaries who, Flemish rather than Walloon and from humbler social classes, did not sympathize with the aristocratic Tutsi but encouraged the downtrodden Hutu.

The final vestiges of colonial control over Rwanda were shattered with the death of King Rudahigwa in 1959 and the investiture of his successor, Jean-Baptiste Ndahindurwa, who took the name Kigeri V. This transition of power precipitated a civil war; Tutsi and Hutu formed factions poised against one another. Pushed by Tutsi clergy, Bishop Aloys Bigirumwami of the Nyundo vicarate became the symbolic figurehead of the Tutsi faction, the *Union Nationale Rwandaise*, and Bishop André Perraudin of Kabgayi was perceived as the champion of the oppressed Hutu for his insistence on the church's social teaching. Though they had issued a joint letter calling for peace, the bishops—and church—were swept into the emerging violence.

This powder keg exploded in November 1959, after the brutal attack of a Hutu activist. A peasant revolt (*Jacquerie*) broke out leaving hundreds dead and thousands displaced. Thereafter, through political guile and propaganda, the Hutu nationalist movement gained support and momentum, culminating in a call for independence and the popular election of Grégoire Kayibanda as *de facto* president of a new republic on January 28, 1961. Belgium formally recognized Rwanda's independence on July 1, 1962, but independence brought only deeper wounds. Following it, the Hutu took over governmental positions from the Tutsi, and the oppressed rapidly became oppressors. The Hutu turned the "Hamitic theory" against the Tutsi, who were recast as "Hamitic invaders" and colonialists. Many Tutsi fled north into Uganda from where they staged raids on the Hutu, who retaliated in turn. From December 1963 to January 1964, the new Hutu government killed between 10,000 and 12,000 Tutsi. Extended over thirty years, this fighting and repression constituted a long fuse to the 1994 explosion.

On November 21, 1991, the Catholic bishops of Rwanda issued a letter to priests and religious on the "Pastoral Role in Rebuilding Rwanda." A central theme of this letter was the need to overcome ethnic divisions. Thaddée Nsengiyumva, bishop of Kabgayi and president of the Rwandan Episcopal Conference, acknowledged the church's complicity in perpetuating these divisions by declaring, in a public letter dated December 1, 1991, that "the church is sick." Too little, too late? Certainly too little to prevent the genocide of 1994, when President Habyarimana's murder gave Hutu extremists within his regime free reign to execute their "final solution." □


**BECOME A 1997 ASSOCIATE**

COMMONWEAL ASSOCIATES
15 Dutch Street, New York, N.Y. 10038

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Benefactors | $1,000 | Full amount enclosed. |
| Supporters | $500 | Half enclosed; |
| Patrons | $250 | remind me of the |
| Charters | $125 | balance in 6 months. |
| Sustainers | $50 | |

(Memberships are tax deductible.)

Name _____

Address _____

_____

City _____

State Zip _____




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*Richard Alleva*

# SHORT CUT TO CATHARSIS

*Thornton's 'Sling Blade'*

My review of *Sling Blade* is late because at first it didn't seem worthwhile reviewing an unresisting imbecility. But the movie has proved to be not only a resisting but a triumphant imbecility: great reviews from the best critics, enduring box office, Oscar nominations and awards. So....

I consider this film not only undramatic and fraudulent but a lot closer to immorality than the sort of schlock that stars Stallone or Schwarzenegger, for at least their movies never pretend that violent solutions are heartwarming. In Billy Bob Thornton's directorial debut, which he wrote and in which he also stars, an emotionally and mentally stunted man, Karl Childers, released from the asylum where he had been sent as a youngster for killing his abusive mother and her boyfriend, boards with and befriends a widow and her small son. As the widow's lover, Doyle, becomes increasingly abusive toward mother and son, we sense that Karl will kill again. After about ninety minutes of screen time, he does. What could possibly justify such uncomplicated inevitability? Greek tragedy holds no surprises either, but poetry, powerful characterizations, and a sense of the inextricable weave of human interaction and divine justice are worth more than suspense. No one expects Thornton to be Sophocles, but does *Sling Blade* offer anything substantial in place of suspense?

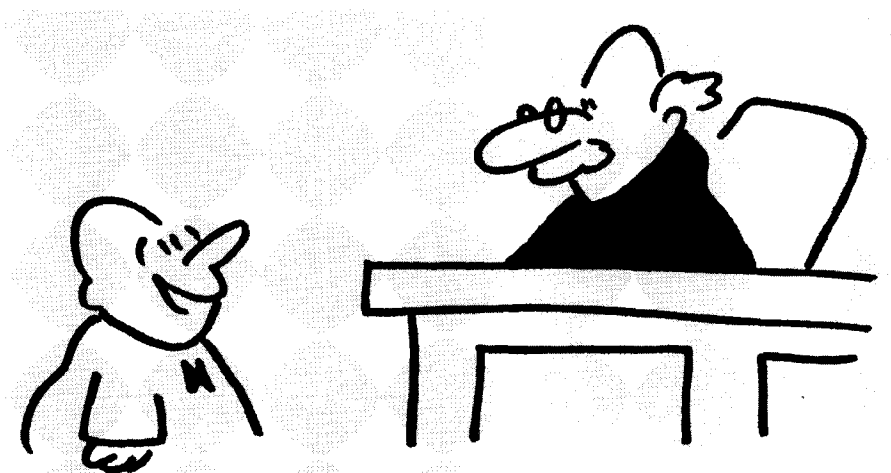
If the boyfriend's abuse were shown to be truly horrendous and unstoppable by legal means, then his murder by Karl—who doesn't want to kill again and who even refrains from killing his own abusive father—could be shown to be a kind of self-sacrifice, a reluctant surrender to violence in order to free loved ones from their torment.

But, as written by Thornton and played by Dwight Yokum, the boyfriend doesn't come across as a real menace but only as a whiny, foulmouthed creep who by no means overawes his plucky girlfriend. Even the little boy, bopping empty beer bottles off Doyle's head, manages at one point to drive the bully out of the house. In fact, never does Doyle seem to be the "monster" that a supposedly reliable friend of the family describes and that Thornton, apparently, wants us to take Doyle for.

Or is *that* supposed to be the point: that Karl's simplicity leads him to use violence to resolve a complicated domestic situation that really needed the law or psychological counseling? Is *Sling Blade*, then, not a vigilante-melodrama but an ironic tragedy? If you believe that, look at the way Karl is photographed in the concluding twenty minutes and listen to the songs on the soundtrack. In an aura of golden light as he stands communing with his soul on a bridge and buoyed up by country western songs praising love and redemption, Karl is being told (by God?) that a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do. Forrest Gump has morphed into Shane.

The giveaway here is the characterization of the mother, Linda. We all know that an otherwise admirable woman may have a masochistic streak that could put her into a sadist's clutches. But, neither in the script nor in Natalie Canerday's performance is any weakness or masochism indicated. Linda comes off as rather stupid and self-deceiving but also plucky and self-possessed. Why then doesn't she give Doyle his walking papers? At one point, she tells her son that she's waiting for her boyfriend to get tired of her so he won't stalk her after she quits him. But does the sad-sack Doyle really seem to be the stuff of which stalkers are made? It seems to me that Billy Bob Thornton wants to have it both ways (a suspiciously Hollywoodish trait in a supposedly maverick filmmaker). He wants to portray Linda as a woman in danger so that we will applaud Karl's violence in defense of her and the boy. But he doesn't want to put yet another weak, needy woman on screen lest he be accused of being one more smug, paternalistic filmmaker.

Thornton's direction is so crude and uninventive that it has been praised as economical and rigorous by critics who should know better. In one scene at a supper table, the very character for whom the scene exists—a retarded woman whom Linda is trying to fix Karl up with—is placed in a spot so dim that the actress can't even make her character's reactions register. Thornton does show some directorial promise in the



***"I don't feel that there's ever any justification for murder, your honor, but I was sort of hoping that you did."***



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

opening sequence at the mental institution, and the murder scene is well done, with the fatal blows landing just below camera range and two sickening thuds telling us all we need to know.

As a writer, Thornton has already shown a lot more than promise when collaborating with Tom Epperson. *One False Move*, a melodrama with rich characterizations and heart-stopping action (and a top-notch performance by Thornton as a very different sort of killer), superbly directed by Carl Franklin, was the best American movie of 1992. *A Family Thing*, though a tad too nifty in its plot maneuvers, had lovely idiomatic dialogue and juicy roles for Robert Duvall and James Earl Jones. Even in *Sling Blade*, Thornton provides himself with a well-written monologue that explains how Karl came to kill his mother. Describing the murder weapon, Karl repeats word for word the phrase, "Some folks call it a sling blade, I call it a Kaiser blade," and the effect is both pathetic and scary. But, for the most part, we're stuck with dialogue like, "I sure like the way you talk." "Well, I like the way you talk."

Playing Karl, Thornton is perfect, but so what? Why should a performance be hailed or Oscar-nominated when it consists of nothing more than protruded lower lip, dogged walk, and unvaried vocal monotony? Such perfection is robotic. The rest of the cast is mediocre except for an unsettling cameo by J. T. Walsh as a rapist who tries to buddy up with Karl in the nut house. (Naturally, Saint Karl gets to tell him off before the final credits roll.)

Since *Sling Blade* is something of a Southern Gothic, the name of Flannery O'Connor has been trotted out by some reviewers by way of approving comparison. What piffle! O'Connor was a relentless artist and a particularly grim (almost Jansenistic) contemplator of human folly. She would have taken this story and shown that every character in it had a stake in the impending crime and therefore a share of the blame. O'Connor never let anyone off the hook while Thornton points an accusing finger only at the most obvious villain in sight. No wonder the audience of moviemakers on Oscar night stood up to applaud Thornton when he went up to get his writing award. A sling blade may be made of steel but this *Sling Blade* is, at its center, all mush. And what's more dear to the collective Hollywood heart than mush? □

## ART

*Paul Elie*

# REVELATIONS ON DISPLAY

*'The Glory of Byzantium' at the Met*

The 350 works in "The Glory of Byzantium" (at the Metropolitan Museum in New York through July 6) are like the tesserae of a mosaic; whether they form a coherent and affecting image depends on where one stands to look at them.

The people I know who have spent time in what was once Byzantium came away from the Met exhibition disappointed. Those of us who haven't visited Byzantium were spellbound. As I hastened through the last few rooms of the show just before closing time, a phalanx of guards tailing me, I wanted to hide behind an icon and stay all night.

"The Glory of Byzantium" is devoted to the "Art and Culture of the Middle Byzantine Era, A.D. 843-1261." That is the period just after the Iconoclastic crisis, when the "restoration of images" by the Empress Theodora led to a profusion of religious art in the Orthodox world.

The exhibition aims to reveal the variety of Byzantine art, the vast spread of Byzantine culture (into Egypt and Sicily, Spain and Bulgaria), the interaction of Orthodoxy and Islam, and the influence of Byzantium on the Latin West. All that it does relentlessly. What it cannot begin to do is convey the overwhelming, all-encompassing, awe-inspiring effects of Santa Sophia in Ravenna, where one stands in an environment transfigured in gold and colored glass.

Instead, the exhibit offers case after case of objects—jewelry, friezes, ivory reliquaries, crosses of hammered iron—as well as startling figures from mosaics (life-size or larger), and a selection of dozens of gorgeous icons. Byzantine art has long been seen as the contemplative, mystical "Mary" in contrast to the active "Martha" of Western Christian art. Whereas the masters of the latter sought to make their art incarnational through the devices of visual realism (by employing perspective, say, or sculpture in the round), those of Orthodoxy, their hearts inclined to the risen Christ, developed spiritualized images of the Pantocrator and the saints. So runs the conventional wisdom. The Met exhibition complicates this view considerably.

**"Experimenting with tradition since 1898..."**

FOR INFORMATION ABOUT
THE FRANCISCAN FRIARS
AND SISTERS OF THE ATONEMENT
AND THEIR ASSOCIATES,
CONTACT: VOCATION DIRECTOR,
GRAYMOOR, P.O. BOX 300, GARRISON, NY 10524-0300




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Indeed, the works on display are striking in their realism and worldliness.

As one enters, one comes upon a gallery full of iron processional crosses carried during the Crusades; here and now, in their glass cases, poised as if held aloft by a squadron entering some pagan stronghold, they resemble battle axes; and the warlike aspect of Christianity is suddenly plain to see. A fragment of a wall fresco from the Church of the Dormition in Greece shows Saints Cosmas and Damian with their mother, Saint Theodata, who seems to glance up and out from a space deep inside herself like one of Vermeer's young girls, her sheer expressiveness overwhelming any symbolic scheme. The play of light and shadow on the face of Saint Andrew, from a mosaic in Serres [*see* page 3], is rendered with a delicacy and subtlety that seem wonderfully gratuitous (a kind of art for art's sake), given that the nearest viewer would have stood in the apse fifty feet below; so too, the tiny apostles and angels carved into palm-size ivory reliquaries are remarkably round and solid.

The visual realism of the objects is complemented by their usefulness. Most of the objects, it seems, were made not just to be looked at but to be used in ritual or in everyday life: jewelry to be worn, reliquaries to be carried on the person, icons and amulets to be rubbed and kissed and passed around. The people who used these objects seem to have left something of themselves on them. A copper cross from the Monastery of the Caves at Kiev, for example, has been rubbed so thoroughly in devotion that the rubbing seems part of the design. The images on it of Christ, the Apostles, and Saint Theodore seem pressed into the metal by the kisses of generations of monks, left there by their small acts of love.

The heart of the exhibition is the room full of breathtaking icons. The dozen icons on view here have been brought to New York from the monasteries of Mount Athos, Saint Catherine of Sinai, and Saint John on Patmos, as well as several museums; some of the icons had never left the monasteries before, and those drawn from Mount Athos (so it is said) had never before been seen by women.

In Byzantium, it seems, the heavens are red or gold. For in these icons at least, red and gold are used as ground rather than for decoration. An icon of the Annunciation is almost all gold; in icons of the Transfiguration and the Raising of Lazarus, the sky is crimson. The intensity of the ground gives the scenes high drama.

A portable icon of the Transfiguration is made of thousands of pieces of glass, some less than half a millimeter wide. There are fairly straightforward portraits of Saints Nicholas and George, and an uncommonly passionate Virgin and Child, the Virgin's head tipped ever so slightly more toward the child than usual. A double-sided icon, scuffed and peeling, combines two themes to powerful effect: a tender Virgin and Child is backed by a blood-red portrait of the military martyr, Saint James the Persian; the two sides reflect the tension in medieval Christianity between maternal devotion and military ardor.

Most intriguing of all is the "Icon with the Heavenly Ladder of John Klimax," from Saint Catherine's on Mount Sinai [below]. It shows a long line of disciples climbing a ladder pointed diagonally across the icon toward heaven. A clump of angels overlooks them from one side; from the other, demons pull them toward the underworld. The icon is the only known representation of this image, and it makes clear how strange and subject to interpretation are some of the metaphors for Christian perfection—those ladders and stairways and castles that seem impossibly orderly now.

In the icon room, the difference between a devoted monk's act of looking and a museum-goer's is stark. Lingering before a single icon for five minutes—a long time by museum standards—one is humbled by the thought that countless monks focused their devotional lives on the icon, gazing at it repeatedly and with deepening attention. In this room, the act of looking seems a profoundly physical act, as if one's gaze has been fused to countless others gathered into the icon. It is as though the icons have been burnished by the monks' eyes.

The icon is usable art par excellence, but in "The Glory of Byzantium" one feels the icons floating free, somewhat disconnected from the purposes for which they were made. I suspect that this sense of purpose is what my friends felt missing from the exhibition. In the museum, even with quotations from the Greek Fathers stenciled on the walls, the objects on view seem, at times, little more than what Newman called "the tokens so faint and broken of a superintending design." For the defining work of usable holy art is the church building itself, and perhaps nowhere more so than in Byzantium. In Byzantium, whether in a monastery, cathedral, or a village church, the art is not on the walls—it *is* the walls. If something is gained by seeing a tiled saint on his own and up close in a museum, something is lost because he has been separated from his fellows, and from the cosmic view of life embodied in tile in a Byzantine church. If the tesserae in the mosaic are *petros*, the rocks on which Christ built his church, in the church the mosaic can be seen as an image of the people gazing upon it. Whereas, in the museum a mosaic, however gorgeous, is just a mosaic. Or so I'm told. □

---

**Paul Elie** *compiled* A Tremor of Bliss: Contemporary Writers on the Saints *(Riverhead), and has written on art for* Commonweal.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Off his high horse

**John Wayne's America**
**The Politics of Celebrity**
***Garry Wills***
*Simon and Schuster, $26, 326 pp.*

**Michael O. Garvey**

One of the many blessings of my childhood was our family's friendship with the late Hubert van Zeller, the English Benedictine monk and theologian who wrote magnificent and widely read books about prayer and the life of the spirit. The great, blazoned moment of Father van Zeller's Victorian-era childhood was his attendance at Buffalo Bill Cody's Wild West Show, and it left the Dom, as we adoring children came to nickname him, with a ferocious love of all things wild and Western. The great, blazoned moment of my own cold-war era childhood, in fact, was being taken by the Dom to the Orpheum Theatre in Springfield, Illinois, to see John Wayne star in *The Comancheros*. There may have been a more passionate John Wayne fan in our hemisphere than this somewhat bookish, stoutly Tridentine, profoundly contemplative, and usually diffident priest, but I doubt it. When it came to the Duke, the gentle Dom could sit shoulder to shoulder with us bourgeois American kids in our Davy Crockett hats, our lips aflame with popcorn salt as we bayed for the blood of prairie bullies everywhere. John Wayne back down from a fight? That'll be the day.

In this highly disappointing study, Garry Wills somewhat prissily reminds us that John Wayne's real name was Marion Morrison. There was a person from Iowa who answered to that name in those long-ago days before Sergeant Stryker led the Marines up Mount Suribachi, Davy Crockett blew up the gunpowder cache at the Alamo, Tom Donovan killed the odious Liberty Valance, and Rooster Cogburn bellowed "Fill your hand, you sunovabitch!" and charged right into all those bad guys with two revolvers blazing and the horse's reins clenched in his teeth. Marion could even be a girl's name.

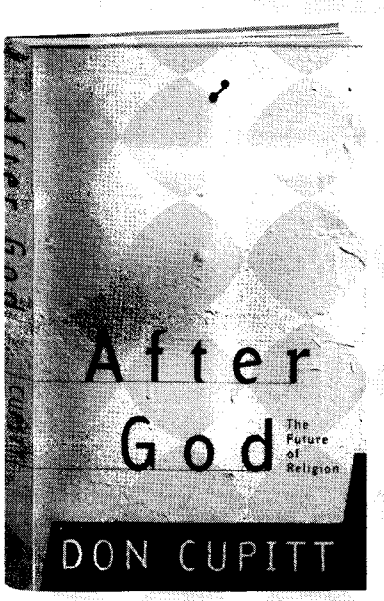
It gets worse. John Wayne did indeed back down from a fight. Not only did he back down from a fight, he backed down from the fight of his generation, the big one, WW II. While even Ronald Reagan felt duty-bound to make himself available for a few military training films, John Wayne showed himself to be a monstrously opportunistic careerist of the sort later caricatured in 1980s' Hamilton cartoons and Tom Wolfe's *Bonfire of the Vanities*. John Wayne, boys and girls, is an invention. He wasn't the man who shot Liberty Valance. He wasn't Sergeant Stryker. He wasn't Davy Crockett. He wasn't even John Wayne.

Gee.

There is an undeniable, if fleeting, satisfaction to be enjoyed in exposing the anomalies of the big shots. So certainly those interested in authoritative evidence that John Wayne was a duty-shirking weenie who had to teach himself to say "ain't" will rejoice to receive the fruits of Wills's bewilderingly thorough

"FOR ANY PART OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH TO IGNORE THIS PROFOUND BOOK IS TO WAVE THE WHITE FLAG OF SURRENDER."
—THE RT. REV. JOHN SHELBY SPONG, BISHOP OF NEWARK

In a book of enormous and far-reaching implications for organized religion and personal spirituality, renowned scholar Don Cupitt traces the evolution of religious belief from the dawn of the gods to their twilight. . . and to the morning after.




BasicBooks
*A Division of* HarperCollins*Publishers*
*Also available from* HarperCollins*CanadaLtd*
http://www.harpercollins.com

At bookstores now, or call 1-800-242-7737



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

research. But most people who love movies are aware that the people on the screen are actors. When I was a little kid, I loved *The Alamo*, but even I, innocent as I was, accepted that John Wayne was only *pretending* to be Davy Crockett.

When Wills isn't recounting the arcana of 1940s' and '50s' Hollywood studio politics, he is making much of the problem that oafs like Newt Gingrich and Ronald Reagan have attempted to model themselves after "John Wayne," or that Creampuff Pat Buchanan's Sergeant Stryker imitation was such a success among his supporters during the last Republican primary elections. But wouldn't it be more interesting to explore the question of how such confessedly deranged and shallow people as Gingrich, Reagan, Buchanan, and others may realistically aspire to rule the rest of us ordinary moviegoers?

This is, as far as I know, Wills's first literary excursion into the world of movies, and most readers who like his other books and essays as much as I do will find themselves hoping that it will be his last. There are some people who love movies (and poems and novels and plays and paintings and songs and photographs and sports events) not so much for themselves as for their provision of some sort of historical evidence or for their expression of compelling or merely interesting beliefs, opinions, and ideologies. My old friend Father van Zeller (not coincidentally, he was a very fine artist, a sculptor, himself) was not one of these people, but Wills clearly is, which is why his recent magisterial study of the Gettysburg Address is such a joy to read. But it takes a true dork to watch the fiery climax of *The Alamo* and conclude "this has symbolic force....It makes Crockett's death an assertion of will, not the obliteration of it. As Crockett blows up a building that, nonetheless, survives, so his own death is transformed into a cleansing apocalyptic fire in which he will live forever." It makes me tremble to think what Wills would have written about my favorite feature in *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance*, Lee Marvin's death-collapse during the climactic gunfight.

Nevertheless, *John Wayne's America* is not without its charms. As Wills gets going on movies, he puts a reader in mind of television's most endearing nerd, Dr. Frasier Crane, an extremely cultivated man to whom the realm of popular culture is utterly alien, but who nevertheless pluckily staggers forward with his preppy mannerisms, pedantic jokes, and polysyllabic analysis, pressing ever more deeply and hopelessly into the entangling thickets. As with Frasier Crane, a reader can't help but feel a sort of tenderness for him, but please, God, keep Garry Wills far away from professional football. And will somebody please pass the poor man some Milk Duds. □

**Michael O. Garvey** *is the author of* Finding Fault *(Thomas More Press).*

# PASS THE TORTS

**What It Means to Be a Libertarian**
***Charles Murray***
*Broadway Books, $20, 178 pp.*

**Jean Bethke Elshtain**

In this breezy, engaging manifesto, Charles Murray reveals himself to be a regular boy scout, brimming over with can-do optimism. He wants "greater individual fulfillment, more vital communities, a richer culture." He celebrates the very "stuff of life" defined as "being engaged with those around you in the core social roles of spouse-parent, son or daughter, friend and neighbor"—life stuff we have disastrously assigned to "the bureaucracies" that now do too much and do it badly by way of "feeding the hungry, succoring the sick, comforting the sad, nurturing the children, tending the elderly, chastising the sinners." These tasks must be done by individuals in bracingly voluntaristic but overflowingly decent communities. If communities are to engage us, they must have vital tasks to do. If we take away these vital tasks, communities become mere husks, hollowed-out debris. For life "acquires texture not just from the hours one devotes to an activity but through an ongoing consciousness of engagement and responsibility."

***"Ed, please reconsider. Our vacation rotation is at stake."***

Sure, some people will retreat and remain aloof. But that is their choice. Most will not. Most will put their shoulders to the wheel and do the right thing nearly all of the time. And they will do so through engagements in social life "grounded in the neighborhood churches, lodges, service organizations, charities, and schools." Sounds good. So what's wrong with this picture?

Well, for one thing, it is based on far too lofty and ambitious an account of human nature. We are pretty much unfettered selves, in Murray's view, or, at least, in a genuinely free society we would be. But such unfettered beings, through their untrammeled free choices, bind themselves to one another and to a decent and fair life. We engage in "voluntary and informed" exchanges; that is what life is about. Life is not about coercion or the initiation of force.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In a free society this is never permitted. The one legitimate function of government is "exclusive possession of the police power" through criminal law and tort law. But, beyond that, government should stay out of the way.

Why is it wrong to resort to coercion? Because each of us "*owns himself.*" (The herselves own themselves, too.) Yet these self-possessing self-owners are called to social life, presumably because they recognize that there are goods to be derived from the free exchanges of self-owning beings that are available in no other way. Here Murray derives "that elusive concept, *a public good*," and thereby distances himself from the "strictest libertarians" who hold that there is no such thing. However, that public good is unaffected by robust mutual consumption. If I consume, I don't take away from anybody else. Nonpublic goods exist in the zero-sum world much beloved by econometric types and their epigones in all of the social sciences.

The depth and breadth of Murray's optimism knows almost no bounds. (Some might uncharitably call this naïveté.) Working from a market model through which economic freedom generates "spontaneous order," Murray generalizes to the rest of life. We will always be mindful of our personal responsibilities. So, to further this project, government must cease and desist in lots of arenas: No more regulation of products and services, but tighter enforcement of liability law; no more regulation of terms of employment, but tighter protection against employer force and fraud; no more regulation of workplaces, but ever more vigilant enforcement of liability; eliminate all extant civil rights regulations, but replace them with a constitutional amendment that does not permit any government at any level to "pass any law that requires discrimination by ethnicity, race, religion, or creed." And so on. In fact, Murray's libertarian polity ironically depends on the passage of a small blizzard of constitutional amendments in order to get things cranked up right. For example: We also need a constitutional amendment to the effect that "Congress shall provide for the enforcement of laws against fraud and deceptive practice and shall provide for efficient administration of civil tort law." Congress, in his scheme of things, becomes one big tort overseer.

So what else is wrong with this picture? It radically understates the role government has *always* played in enabling and constraining the market; it traffics in edifying but politically unfeasible and philosophically simplistic nostrums; it understates our capacity for evil and underplays our calling to do good that goes much beyond Murray's rather anemic representation of a public good. This is a heartfelt document and as clear a statement of a modified version of libertarian philosophy as one is likely to encounter. But it falls short—way short—as a workable public philosophy. □

**Jean Bethke Elshstain** *is the author of* Democracy on Trial *(Basic Books). She teaches at the University of Chicago Divinity School.*

**The Perfect Fit...**

SPIRITUAL MINISTRY PERSONAL

**Announcing a new Lay Scholarship Initiative!**

Scholarships of up to **3/4 tuition** are available for qualified lay students enrolling for the first time in Fall '97.

**Washington Theological Union** offers a unique mix of theology, ministry, and spirituality for individuals, (**lay** and **religious**), in search of a renewed sense of personal and professional fulfillment. At the Union students develop a deepened commitment to ministry around the world.

The Union's new location offers easy access by personal or public transportation. On-site residence is available. Access to seven area seminaries is available to Union students through the Washington Theological Consortium.

The Union offers M.Div. and M.A. degrees, Graduate Certificates and Sabbatical Programs.

Washington Theological Union

To **consider** how the Washington Theological Union can help you **connect** your faith and **commitment** to ministry call 800-334-9922, ext. 5210 today.

**A Roman Catholic School for Ministry**
**6896 Laurel Street, NW, Washington, DC 20012**



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# POLITICAL PRISONER

**Radical Son**
**A Journey Through Our Times**
***David Horowitz***
*The Free Press, $27.50, 468 pp.*

**Julia Vitullo-Martin**

When David Horowitz was a child, he and other children of Communist party members went to Camp Wo-Chi-Ca, short for "Workers' Children's Camp," where they held ritual bonfires to burn comic books considered "imperialistic" and "anti-Communist" by the camp's directors. Today he is president of the Center for the Study of Popular Culture in Los Angeles, where he searches out and denounces what he sees as the depredations of lefty and corrupt popular culture—Mickey Mouse and Madonna, among others.

This is an American journey of sorts—traveling the short road from authoritarian left to demagogic right. But does the journey, excruciatingly detailed in *Radical Son*, have anything to tell the rest of us? The answer is yes, in part because the story of a red-diaper American childhood has seldom been told, and perhaps never told so well. All the ordinary fears and confusions of growing up were magnified for this slightly nerdy boy—already set apart by his Jewishness from ethnic schoolmates—who also knows his parents are engaged in secret, seriously revolutionary political activities. His parents weren't kidding around. They really did think the Communist overthrow of the American government was coming, and that they would be well rewarded for their hard work and the severe personal sacrifices they had endured in bringing it about.

Horowitz began what he calls his odyssey in a working-class neighborhood of Queens, jumped to Columbia University for what he recalls was a superb education, then vaulted the nation to Berkeley for graduate school, where he became restless. He left for Europe, spending most of the crucial sixties in London, where he hobnobbed with the likes of Bertrand Russell and other patrician radicals.

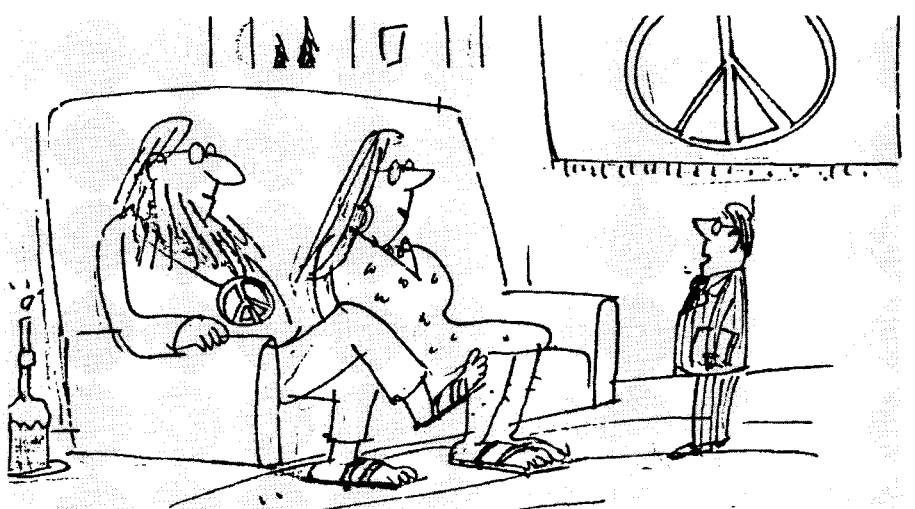
Finally, in 1968, he returned to Berkeley, famous for advertising itself as the "conscience of the white Western world," an appropriate setting for a man who saw himself in similarly grandiose terms. He became an editor at *Ramparts*, at the time a leading, glossy left-wing magazine. California, his home state ever since, has been the site of his march steadily rightward. Today he is not only a national spokesman for seriously right-wing views, but he also has nothing good to say about the Left, either as it was then or is now.

He claims that his real break with the Left came when he realized the truth about the Black Panthers—little more than a front, he argues, for racketeering, prostitution, extortion, and drug dealing—and also realized that those on the left who had always known this would not come forward. Their refusal was based partly on personal cowardice—they truly feared the Panthers' violence—and partly on reluctance to criticize black activists, whatever they were doing. Even more important, however, was their basic belief that totalitarian and brutal methods were necessary to make the leap to revolution.

When Horowitz came to believe in the mid-1970s that the Panthers had murdered a white woman he had recommended to them as an accountant, he abandoned the Left for the Right, even though this "was the same as leaving my own life." The murder was a horrifying event. Almost as horrifying was the ability of his leftist colleagues to shrug it off.

In retrospect, what do we make of those times? What Horowitz sees as the evil of sixties' radicalism was rooted in the protest movement's alleged Stalinist origins—his own roots. He believes that Stalinists like himself directed and manipulated the protests. For many of us—I suspect most of us—the destructiveness of the sixties began with a series of truly evil but very real events, the assassinations of President John F. Kennedy, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and Robert F. Kennedy. Many, perhaps most, antiwar activists came from the civil rights movement, often through Protestant and Catholic churches. We marched first for civil rights and then we marched against the war. Those who came to the antiwar movement after having worked in poor neighborhoods came because of substance, not form.

For the Stalinists, the substance didn't matter. Any volatile issue would do—thus Horowitz's odd ignorance of the



*"Would you folks mind if I told my friends I was adopted?"*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

civil rights movement, which he barely mentions. Deeply radical and violent leaders, among whom he lists Tom Hayden, were able to manipulate the protesters because these youngsters, he argues, far from being idealists protesting an unjust war, were simply self-absorbed, privileged kids who feared the draft.

Though he was himself married and therefore not subject to the draft, Horowitz contends that the draft was the underlying cause for both student radicalism and the indulgences of the counterculture of the sixties. Students protested, he claims, primarily because they feared going to war. He seems to have forgotten, or perhaps never realized, that few privileged kids were being drafted. That was reserved for working-class kids—noncollege students. Only a handful, if that, were drafted from Harvard, Yale, or the University of Chicago.

As for the counterculture, of course there was a lot of sex and drugs going on—although David Horowitz in his alienated isolation got little of either. He remains proud of his almost Stalinist Puritanism and announces that not only was he monogamous throughout the sixties, but he tried marijuana only once and never did LSD. Gee, even the Catholics had more fun than that.

But these announcements also confirm his outsider status. His having lived in isolation ("we never socialized at night...") doesn't stop him from knowing everyone's motivations, most of which he feels were base. I suppose that any American boy forced to burn his Superman comics at camp would grow up pretty weird. The idea that the antiwar movement was not really led by students but was in fact controlled by Communists, particularly Stalinists, through various popular fronts, is simply ludicrous. Of course the Stalinists were there, as were many fringe groups. Would-be leaders in the form of professional radicals were always coming forward. Some were more successful than others. But no one was able to direct the movement, though many were able to benefit from it and exploit parts of it.

What's most wrong with Horowitz's story is what's missing—the public spiritedness of the early sixties and the interconnections among youngsters who volunteered in the Peace Corps and Vista, who trained in the liberal Protestant theological schools, who were active in the Catholic Left both in urban parishes across the country and in the rural South. Horowitz ignores the thousands of young Americans who thought there was some possibility of making a better world, and worked hard to do it. Then came the escalation of the war in Vietnam, the assassinations, and the protests.

With stupendous hubris, Horowitz tells the history of radicalism from the very narrow prism of his own limited personal experience. Yet this account raises the very serious question: Who will tell the rest of the story? Who will tell the story of the Catholic and Protestant Left, and how the two meshed and clashed with one another, ultimately fitting into a whole that did some real, if limited, good? □

---

**Julia Vitullo-Martin** *edited* Breaking Away: The Future of Cities *(Twentieth Century Fund Press). She was a Vista Volunteer, a civil rights worker, and an antiwar protester during the sixties.*


**UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME**

**Residence Hall Rector**

The University of Notre Dame is a Catholic university founded by the Congregation of Holy Cross. Approximately 6,550 of the 7,600 undergraduates live in 27 single-sex residence halls on campus.

Within its undergraduate residence halls, the University strives to create communities of faith and learning that serve as catalysts for the integration of students' intellectual, spiritual, and social development. The Rector is the principal person in charge of an undergraduate residence hall. This position is held by priests, male and female religious, and committed lay people.

Together with a graduate student Assistant Rector and undergraduate Seniors serving as Resident Assistants, the Rector educates, counsels and consoles, accompanies students in the life of faith, and calls students to accountability in accordance with University behavioral expectations. The Rector also acts as liaison to the Housing Office and other University Departments responsible for the physical condition of the residence hall.

The University currently has positions open for Rectors in men's and women's residence halls. A Master's degree is preferred. The position of Rector is a full-time, live-in position, although some Rectors hold part-time teaching positions or part-time administrative assignments.

Starting salary for this nine-month position in 1996-97 was $24, 702, plus benefits. Starting salary for the 1997-98 academic year is pending final budget approval. Furnished living quarters within the residence hall are provided.

For further information or to request an application, please contact:

Rev. Peter D. Rocca, C.S.C.
Assistant Vice-President for Student Services
315 Main Building
University of Notre Dame
Notre Dame, IN 46556
(219) 631-5550




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# SOCIOLOGY AT ITS LIMITS

**The Order of Terror**
**The Concentration Camp**
***Wolfgang Sofksy, translated by William Templer***
*Princeton University Press, $29.95, 356 pp.*

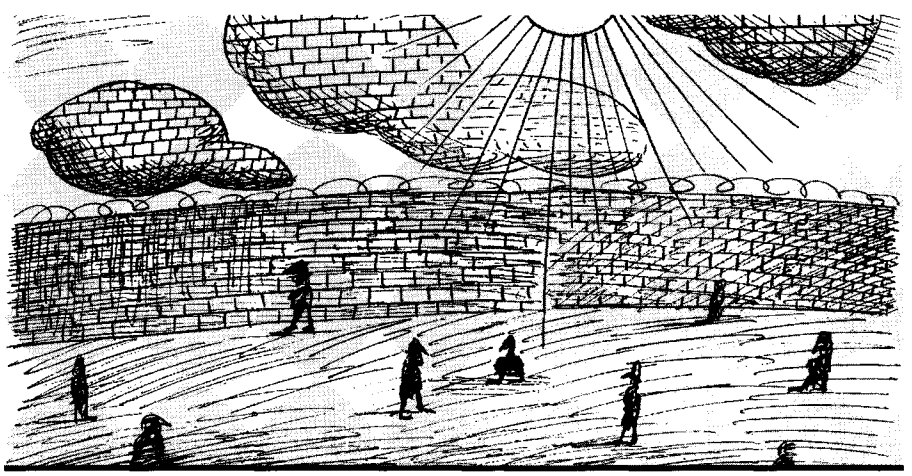
**Alan Wolfe**

Any large-scale organization charged with a purpose it successfully carries out ought to be subject to a sociological analysis, yet no one before Wolfgang Sofsky has ever tried to write the sociology of the concentration camp. It is not hard to understand why. Pick any term from the classical tradition in sociology—whether its origins are attributed to Marx, Weber, or Durkheim—and its irrelevance to the camps is immediately obvious. Classes were not organized according to their position in a means of production. Charisma, honor, status, and prestige were rendered unnecessary by arbitrary power. There was no such thing as an individual conscience, let along a collective one.

Of all of sociology's concepts, the most important in the modern world, but the least necessary in the camps, is legitimacy. Modern forms of political power are nearly always conceptualized as two-way streets; power flows from the top down, but must be concerned with the bottom up. No rulers, even the most authoritarian, we generally believe, can exercise power in a vacuum; modern totalitarian regimes, in both their Fascist and Communist forms, relied on propaganda as well as terror, as if winning the hearts and minds of their subjects were as important as coercing their obedience.

The concentration camp, in that sense, marks a break with all previous forms of social organization, for, according to Sofsky, it, and it alone, organized power in one direction only. To understand it sociologically, one must abjure all previous accounts of power, even the most radical. The concentration camps were neither the total institutions described by Erving Goffman nor examples of the disciplinary power analyzed by Michel Foucault—both of which still assume some appeal to a standard outside themselves to legitimate their rule. Sofsky challenges us to accept the existence of something called "absolute power," a form of domination so thorough that it is accountable only to itself—and not always even to that.

Human beings have a broad repertoire of means by which they can resist power. No matter how oppressive the present or hopeless the future, we cling to memories of better times in the past. Even in the most cramped quarters, we struggle to carve out space for ourselves. Because no form of political power can ever stop the sun from rising and setting, we can mark off days and, in monitoring time, convince ourselves that we have not lost all forms of control. Absolute power understands these things, Sofsky argues. It wages an unremitting struggle against space, time, and memory, determined to wipe out anything upon which its prisoners could rely to locate themselves in the world around them.



Because absolute power is unprecedented, none of our terms, even those developed to explain power, will do. The camps were not bureaucratic, because bureaucracies organize time and space whereas the camps destroyed them. The aim of the camps was not to humiliate people because humiliation involves rituals—public displays of hierarchy surrounded with symbols of domination—whereas absolute power has no interest in demonstrating its power; there is no public, for one thing, that it need impress. No one in the camps was punished, because the purpose of punishment, as we know from Durkheim, is to set an example for those who obey the rules. Why set examples if accountability never enters your mind? Not even the concept of exploitation gets right what took place in the camps, for exploitation assumes an unequal exchange, and while inequality surely existed in the camps, exchange, at least in labor, did not. Work was not organized to transform labor power into a product but as one more means of torture and violence.

Before the camps, slavery was the most one-sided form of power ever marshaled against human beings, but compared to the camps, even slavery, Sofsky argues, must be understood as reciprocal in its deployment of power. Slaves belonged to someone else; one does not have to accept Hegel's master-slave dialectic to recognize that even fully coercive forms of belonging nonetheless are premised on relationships between people. Prisoners in the camps, by contrast, "belonged to no one," Sofsky writes, with the result that "the prisoners were subjected to a far



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more radical reification than any victim of slavery ever experienced." No matter how oppressive, slavery was still rational, in the sense that it was a system of production designed to produce a surplus. The camps were "radically different" because what went on within them served no goals related to "functionality and productivity."

Wolfgang Sofsky's brilliant book is written, at least in translation, in a spare, analytic, and emotionless tone which perfectly captures the brutality and horror of the camps. His purpose, he tells us, is not to understand the genealogy of the camps, nor to develop a theory of how central they were to the objectives of the Nazis. Sofsky instead takes the sheer physical reality of the camps as a given and asks how they functioned. It is, he implies, insufficient just to document the existence of evil. We also have an obligation, especially when evil relies on social organization to carry out its will, to understand the small details and everyday structure of its dynamics.

Yet the very task of describing absolute power sociologically is problematic, for understanding how evil functions assumes a purposeful order in the world which the concentration camp denies. "Can sociology really do this?" one wants to ask of Sofsky. If power can be absolute, it will resist our efforts to understand it. If, in turn, we can understand it, we strip it of its absolutism—after the fact, to be sure, and not in a way that can be of any assistance to its victims, but still premised on the assumption that we the rational have the last word over you the perpetuators of brutality. The mystery remains: How can a world that produces *The Order of Terror: The Concentration Camp* also have produced the concentration camp? One is a model of reason dedicated to truth, the other a model of power dedicated to human destruction.

If Sofsky, despite his ability to convey the horror of the camps, runs the risk of making them less frightening by making them more understandable, his sociology of the camps swings perilously close to the professional folly of the discipline he and I share: By attributing power to social organizations, sociology at its worst absolves human beings of responsibility. As it happens, this concern is especially compelling at this time because Daniel Goldhagen's *Hitler's Willing Executioners* has made it impossible to ignore it [*see*, *Commonweal*, May 9].

Sofsky wrote his book in German well before Goldhagen's book was available, and it is only a coincidence that at the moment Goldhagen appears in German, Sofsky appears in English. Yet as if anticipating the arrival of Goldhagen's book, Sofsky raises the question of personal responsibility in his epilogue. "Certainly, Auschwitz could only have come to pass in the special circumstances of German social history," he writes, but then he goes on to add one qualification after another: "Yet not everything in the system of the German concentration camps was unique. The camp system evinced features that also appear elsewhere. The German executioners and their accomplices were not unusual individuals."

Goldhagen might agree that the executioners were not "unusual," in the sense that, heirs to a long history of German anti-Semitism, the most brutal of the Nazi killers were all too usual (although, of course, anti-Semitism as virulent as that of the Nazis would have to be considered "unusual" compared to other times and places). But Sofsky's stress is more on the term "individuals" than on the term "unusual." His machine of absolute power takes on a life of its own in the course of his book. Because his focus is so strongly on forms of social organization, the individuals who are making the machine run, all too often, drop out of sight. Rarely are they given names and faces. We are not presented with the biographies, except in the collective; we are told, for example, what racial, physical, and age-related characteristics the regime prized in its executioners, but not the towns they came from or the friends they left behind.

Sofsky rejects explanations of the Nazi horror which attribute it to "specifically German traditions of authority and authoritarian obedience." The camps, he writes in the epilogue, contradicting, it seems to me, the argument which comes before it, relied on modern techniques of discipline and surveillance to carry out their objectives. One is left with the disturbing impression that modernity brought the camps into being and not specific people who happened to be German.

Sofsky's epilogue inadvertently makes it apparent why Goldhagen's book is so important. Sociology is not only about power; it is also about people; indeed the one cannot exist without the other. But concentrating so much on the former and so little on the latter, Sofsky's sociological account of the camps, one of the most important books about the Holocaust yet written, is nonetheless incomplete. From his book, we now know how power in the camps was exercised. We await more accounts like Goldhagen's before we know who exercised it. □

---

**Alan Wolfe** *teaches political science and sociology at Boston University. His most recent book is* Marginalized in the Middle *(University of Chicago Press).*

WJK SPIRITUALITY

**SOUL SURVIVORS**
An African American Spirituality
Carlyle Fielding Stewart, III
Forward by Cain Hope Felder
*paper $15.00*
A stirring call to celebrate the depths and diversity of spirituality found among African American Christians.

**PROCLAIM JUBILEE**
A Spirituality for the Twenty-First Century
Maria Harris
Forward by Walter Brueggemann
*paper $13.00*
An ideal starting point for anyone seeking a more conscientious and soulful way to be in the world now and in the twenty-first century.

WESTMINSTER JOHN KNOX PRESS
100 Witherspoon Street
Louisville, KY 40202-1396

At your bookstore, your Cokesbury bookstore or call toll-free 1-800-227-2872
http://www.pcusa.org/ppc



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 4)

### Making colleges Catholic

Toward the end of her report [March 28] on efforts by the hierarchy and the academy to carry out the intent of John Paul II's apostolic constitution on Catholic education, *Ex corde ecclesiae*, Sister Alice Gallin puts a good question, whether the institutions in question "really want to be Catholic."

In a recent address at Saint Joseph's University in Philadelphia, Xavier Gorstiaga, S.J., rector of the Central American University in Managua, Nicaragua, added a dimension to that question. In both Central America and Africa, he said, people today experience "quality of life" levels that are lower than those of five hundred years ago in the same areas. The greatest scandal of our age, he went on, is that more than 70 percent of the women, men, and children in Central America live in poverty and 50 percent in economic misery, and these percentages rise yearly. This scandal, he said, shouts out to us that something is "profoundly wrong and sinful in our civilization."

This situation, he said, requires "nonconventional university programs, different ways of training professionals, who will not reproduce and intensify the present system but instead assume responsibility for transforming it" through a process that will allow the university to be both "science and conscience" for humankind, as the pope asked in *Ex corde ecclesiae*.

Catholic universities can produce graduates who acquire millions of dollars and zillions in stock options, but does that really matter? Alice Gallin asked a good question.

RICHARD C. CARROLL
*Bala Cynwyd, Pa.*

### Islam & Freedom (II)

In rebuttal of Peter Riga's letter on Islam [Correspondence, April 11], I submit that his comments reflect the demonization of Islam and Muslims evident in the media. To begin with, he assumes, as many do, that there are "Islamic states" when in fact there are no governments based solely on the Qur'an and the Sunna (the traditions of the Prophet Muhammad). A country with a majority of Muslims is not therefore an Islamic state. Thus, Iran, Algeria, and the Sudan do not represent or embody Islam.

Mr. Riga also assumes that separation of church and state, or of religion and politics, somehow guarantees a superior form of government, without alluding to the two world wars in our century and the attempted genocide of the Jewish people launched by secular Western governments, or to the democratic election of the Caliphs of Islam stretching back 1,400 years, or to the Islamic tradition of settling problems among differing schools of thought by discussion, or to the existence of many minorities in Muslim countries—the Alawis, Bahais, Druzes, Yazidis, Zoroastrians, and many others—stemming back hundreds of years. In India, Hindus and Muslims coexisted for centuries until the appearance of the Western imperialists with their divide-and-conquer tactics; today the violence there is directed mainly against Muslims, who are the minority.

There must be dialogue between Muslims and non-Muslims, but it must not be based on the corrupt nature of misnamed "Islamic" governments. Muslims must contend with that issue for themselves. But the discussion must also take account of the detrimental impact of the West on the Muslim world. All in all, *Commonweal* has made a contribution toward introducing its readers to Islam and to Muslim goals and problems.

SHAFEEQ ABDULLAH MUHAMMAD
(Juan Alvarado)
*Bronx, N.Y.*


**Twenty-fourth Annual**

# Lonergan Workshop

**JUNE 16-20,1997**
**BOSTON COLLEGE**

***Redeeming the Time:***
***In Honor of***
***Sebastian Moore, OSB***

**Speakers, Workshop Leaders, & Panelists:**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| P. Allen | B. Anderson | R. Avilez |
| J. Flanagan | F. Braio | P. Caringella |
| P. Byrne | F. Sierra | D. Judd Hall |
| C. Hefling | T. Kohler | M. Gallagher |
| M. Maxwell | J. Madrid | P. Marcoux |
| M. McCarthy | D. Levy | K. McGinley |
| K. Melchin | S. Moore | E. Morelli |
| M. Morelli | D. Oyler | W. Murnion |
| A. Paoli | J. R. Price III | L. Roy |
| M. Shute | D. Fleischacker | |
| H. Swanston | G. Walmsley | |

***For information contact:***
***Fred Lawrence,Director***
***Lonergan Workshop,Carney 405***
***Boston College, Chestnut Hill, MA 02167. 617 782 7319 (H), 617 552 8095 (O), FAX 617 552 0794.***


## CLASSIFIED


RATES: $1.10 per word; 12 word minimum. Discounts 5 percent, 3 times; 10 percent, 6 times; 15 percent, 12 times. Advance payment required. Discounts and monthly billing available for repeat advertisers. For additional information call 212-732-0800 or write COMMONWEAL, 15 Dutch St., Room 502, New York, NY 10038-3760.

**Manuscripts Wanted**

MANUSCRIPTS WANTED. ALL TYPES. Subsidy Publisher with 75-year tradition. 1-800-695-9599.

**Position Available**

MERCY HIGH SCHOOL, private Catholic school for young women grades 9–12, seeks qualified Vice-Principal for Academic Affairs. Responsible for all aspects of the academic program, including: curriculum review, evaluation and development; supervision of and assistance to academic department heads; development and use of technology throughout the curriculum. Required: Master's degree; teaching and administrative experience; leadership, management, interpersonal, communication skills; collaborative approach; attitude of continuous learning. Send letter, résumé, reference list to: Carol E. Wheeler, RSM, Mercy High School, 1300 East Northern Parkway, Baltimore, MD 212390-1998.




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# HTTP:\\WWW.BEEN_THERE.DONE_THAT

*Paul Ferris*

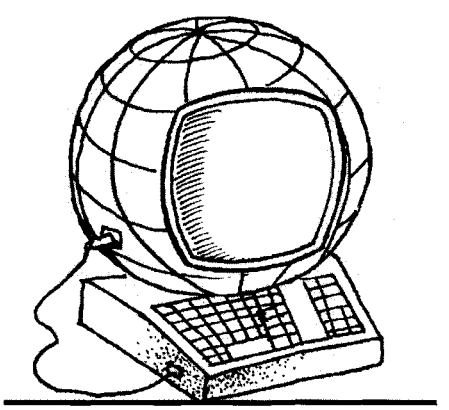
In a small corner of the cyber space galaxy, on cyber ship America Online, under keyword "Catholic," lies the Catholic Chat Room. Clicking my mouse to the station, I find myself in a cyber room populated by anywhere from twenty to forty minds. I ask myself: Is this room a triumph of Cartesianism? My first impression is that it is tailor-made for disembodied minds to deliver clear and distinct theological *bonbons*. But it does not take long on Catholic Chat before the screen names reveal flesh-and-blood persons. Identities emerge in both lighthearted, random chatter and serious, relentless discussions.

Catholic Chat is the brainchild of Father Roy (last name not divulged) of the diocese of Bridgeport, Connecticut; Cardinal Roger Mahony of Los Angeles lends it his authority. (Under screen name Cardrmm he pops in occasionally to offer a prayer or give a blessing.) At times, anyone online can propose a topic. But more often the mostly clerical staff (as identified in online profiles) selects the topics and guides as well as guards the discussion.

The doctrinal positions of the staff and of many of the regular participants reflect, in my opinion, an institutional model of the church as a pyramid with a strong judicial slant. Still, debates constantly surface, and the pluralism of the American Catholic church breaks through. Online anonymity emboldens people to express dissenting views. One night I witnessed a debate between the staff and two members of CORPUS, Core of Reserve Priests United for Service, the largest organization of married resigned priests. The debate was provoked by a staffer's reference to an inactive priest as an "ex-priest"; it began at 10 P.M. and went on into the wee hours of the morning. Among other topics, papal infallibility recurs endlessly, evoking arguments drawn from centuries of Christian history: Boniface VIII's bull *Unam sanctam* is defended as if it came off the press only yesterday. The topic of Purgatory also arises so often that a non-Catholic might conclude it is a *sine qua non* of Catholic faith. Whenever I am online for such a discussion, I suggest that Purgatory is a place just east of Buffalo, and other participants chime in with alternative locations. But the staff is seldom amused, and often someone will burst into the room mentally flushed with the discovery of a new saint: "Has anyone heard of Saint Lydia?"

To participate in the chatter, fast typing is key. Thoughts zoom by in little cyber bits, one sentence at a time. What's more, there are usually four or five different conversations happening at once, and it can be difficult to pick up all the threads. It is possible, though, to have an extended conversation with one other participant: By the Instant Message function, two persons can type directly to each other off the main screen. A lot of bonding goes on in that area—but sometimes even this solidarity is not enough.

On what may have been my final night on Catholic Chat—I haven't decided yet whether to go back—the topic was Christian unity, specifically what can be done both to promote it and to avoid further damage to it. As my contribution, I remarked that Rome has a long history of suppressing and arbitrarily altering the Eastern churches' traditions. I observed, as an example, that until recently Rome would not allow the Eastern churches to ordain married men to the priesthood in the United States. (But recently a Melkite bishop, determining that the Vatican's 1990 code on the Eastern churches superseded its 1929 prohibition, ordained a married man in the diocese of Newton, Massachusetts. *See, New York Times*, February 16, 1997.) Immediately a staffer advised me that we were not discussing married priests, and that I was in violation of chat rules. "What are we going to do," he also commented, "change our most ancient disciplines for small groups of people?"



Exasperated, I averted to personal experience. I am a Maronite Catholic, a church of the Syriac branch in communion with Rome throughout its history. In 1968, my seminary journey was involuntarily and abruptly ended when I pushed too hard for restoration of the Maronite tradition of married priests in the United States. I also threw in the fact that a great uncle of mine, the father of nine children, was a married priest in Lebanon. But to no avail: Again I was scolded and threatened with ejection from the room. Am I destined to become the first Catholic ever brought to trial for cyber heresy? I imagined the evidence of my recalcitrance being sent to a secret office of the America Online Inquisition. Will I be banned from America Online forever?

For the first time in my life, I had an inkling of what Martin Luther must have gone through. I signed off wondering: Is it better to hang in there and fight Catholic Chat to the bitter end, or should I start my own room? Luther only had the printing press; I have the internet. I imagine the future; and it looks a little too much like the past.... □

**Paul Ferris** *lives in Annapolis, Maryland, and volunteers for the Guatemala Human Rights Commission in Washington, D.C.*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BELL RINGS AT 8:30, AND A ROOMFUL OF KIDS PILE IN. BUT FOR SOME, SCHOOL IS NEVER OUT, AND CLASS IS NEVER DISMISSED.

ST. LOUIS,
MISSOURI
NOVEMBER 19, 1996
8:25 A.M.

THESE ARE EVERYDAY HEROES, AND AS THEY LOOK OUT FOR US, WE LOOK OUT FOR THEM — WITH DIVERSE PENSION AND RETIREMENT PROGRAMS.

OUR COMMITMENT IS AS FUNDAMENTAL AS A-B-C: TO HELP PROVIDE THOSE WHO WORK IN — PUBLIC SERVICE — A FUTURE BASED ON SOUND GROWTH, NOT UNDUE RISK. THAT'S THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA.

MUTUAL OF AMERICA
320 PARK AVE., NEW YORK, NY 10022 • 1 800 468 3785

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED